

POLICE

COMICS

APRIL No.77

10



**PLASTIC
MAN**
and
WOOZY
face...

SKULLFACE
and
ELOC
maker
of mischief!

**WEB COMIC
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NOW! ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES IN 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING VOLUME! FOR ONLY 25¢

MAKE ME PROVE— I can make YOU COMMANDO -TOUGH

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says *George F. Jowett*
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



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I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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Send for Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

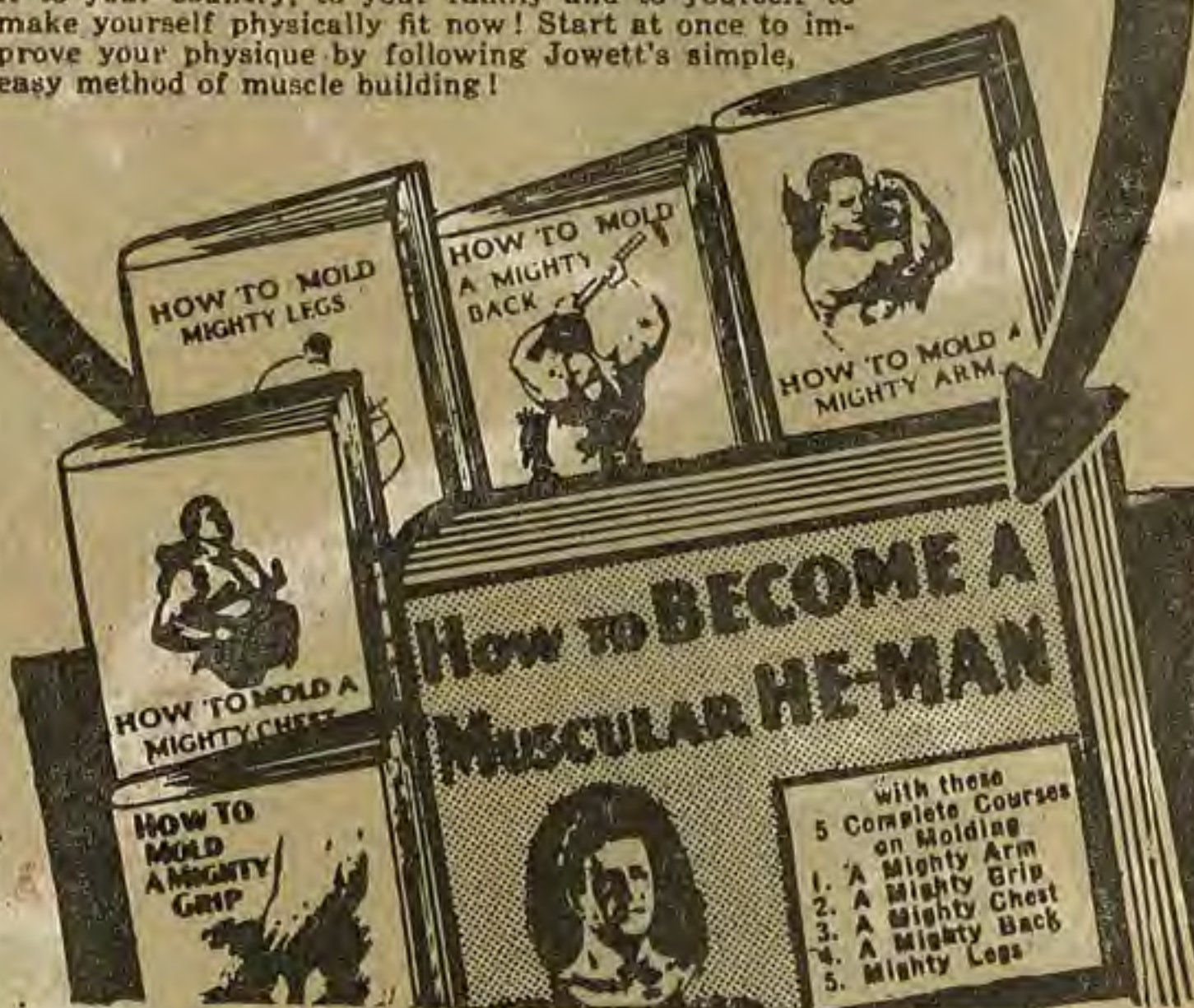
This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are! Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

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YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!**
I am making a drive for thousands of
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So Get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses
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At last all 5 of Jowett's, World-Famous Muscle-Building Courses are available in one great complete volume to thousands of readers of this publication at the "get-acquainted", extremely low price of only 25c! You owe it to your country, to your family and to yourself to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle building!



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George F. Jowett:—Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man". Enclosed find 25c. NO C.O.D.'S.

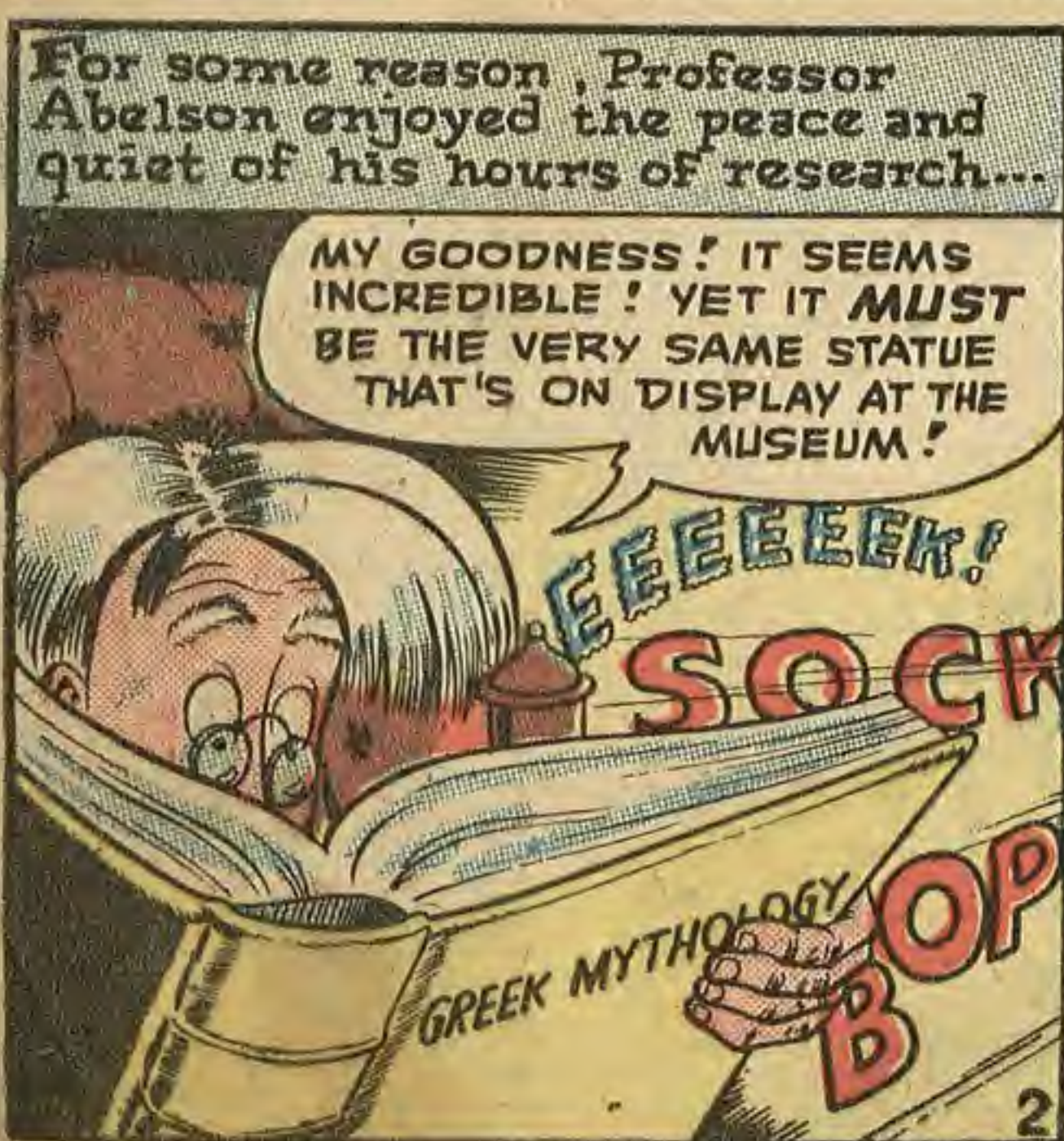
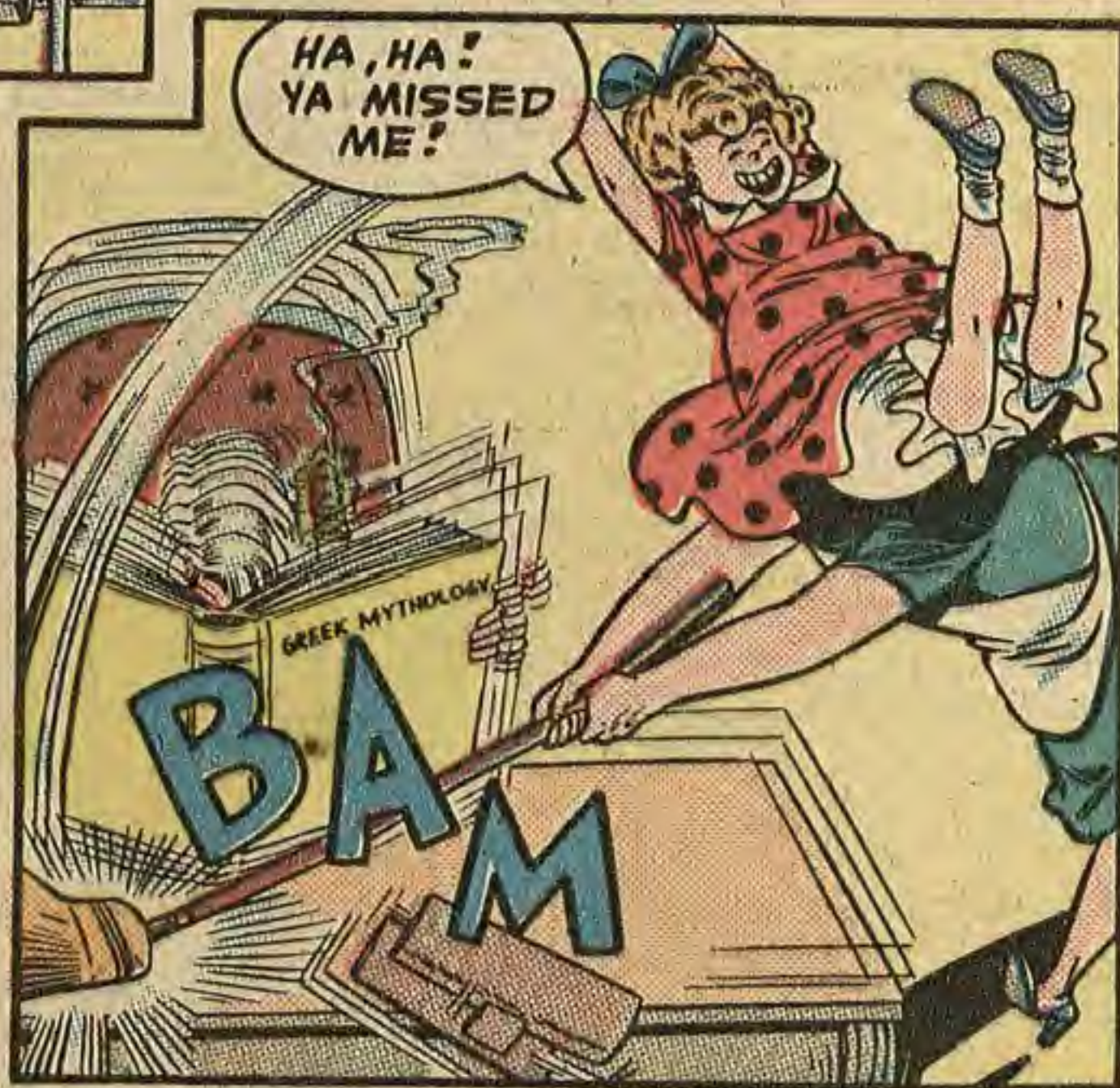
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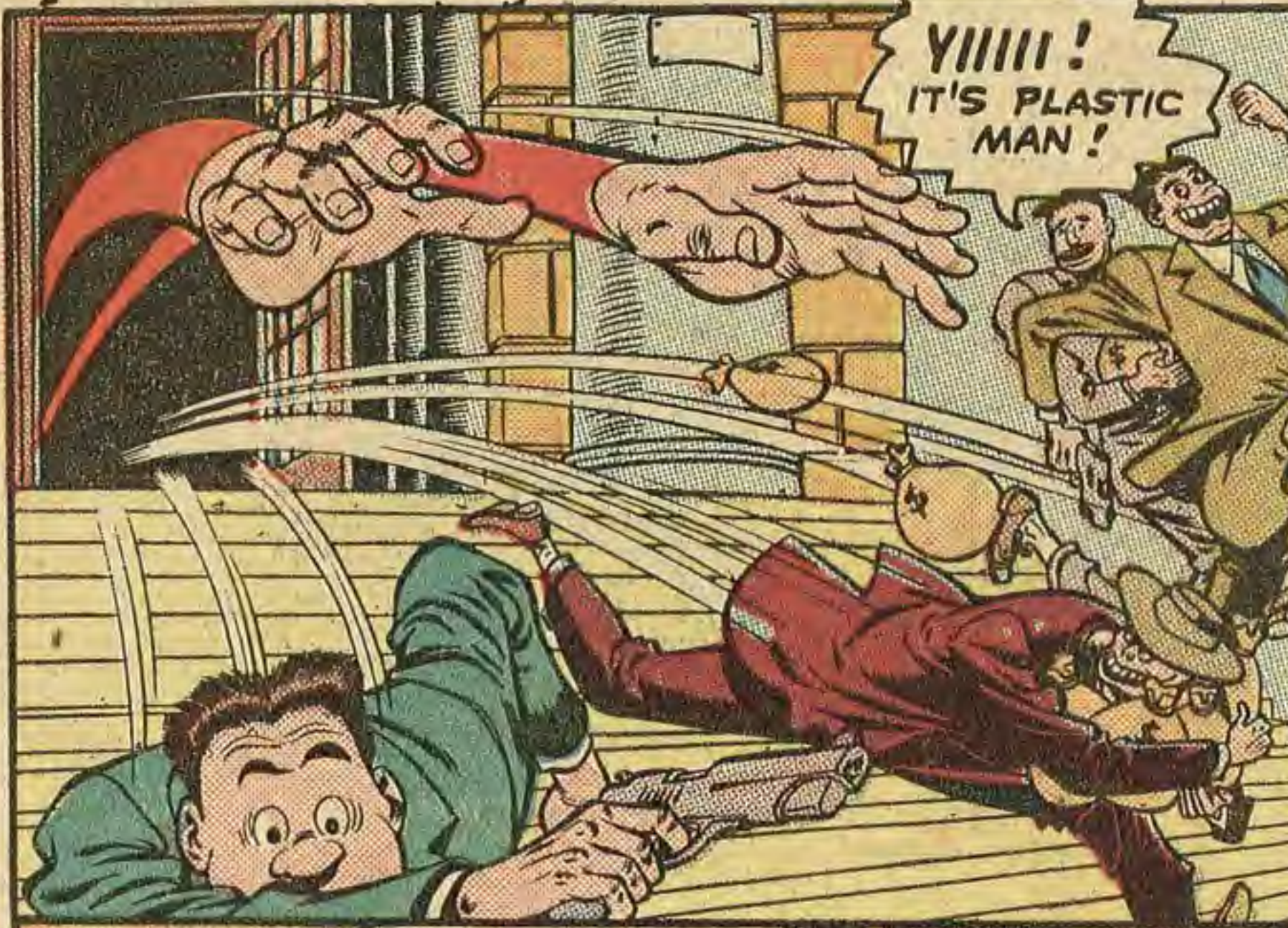
PLASTIC MAN

SKULLFACE was an unusual criminal, yet **PLASTIC MAN** could have handled him alone! But when a professor of Greek mythology, an ancient god of mischief, and his own pal Woozy all conspire against him, even Plastic Man begins to think he's playing against a stacked deck!





At this moment, exciting events are taking place not far away....



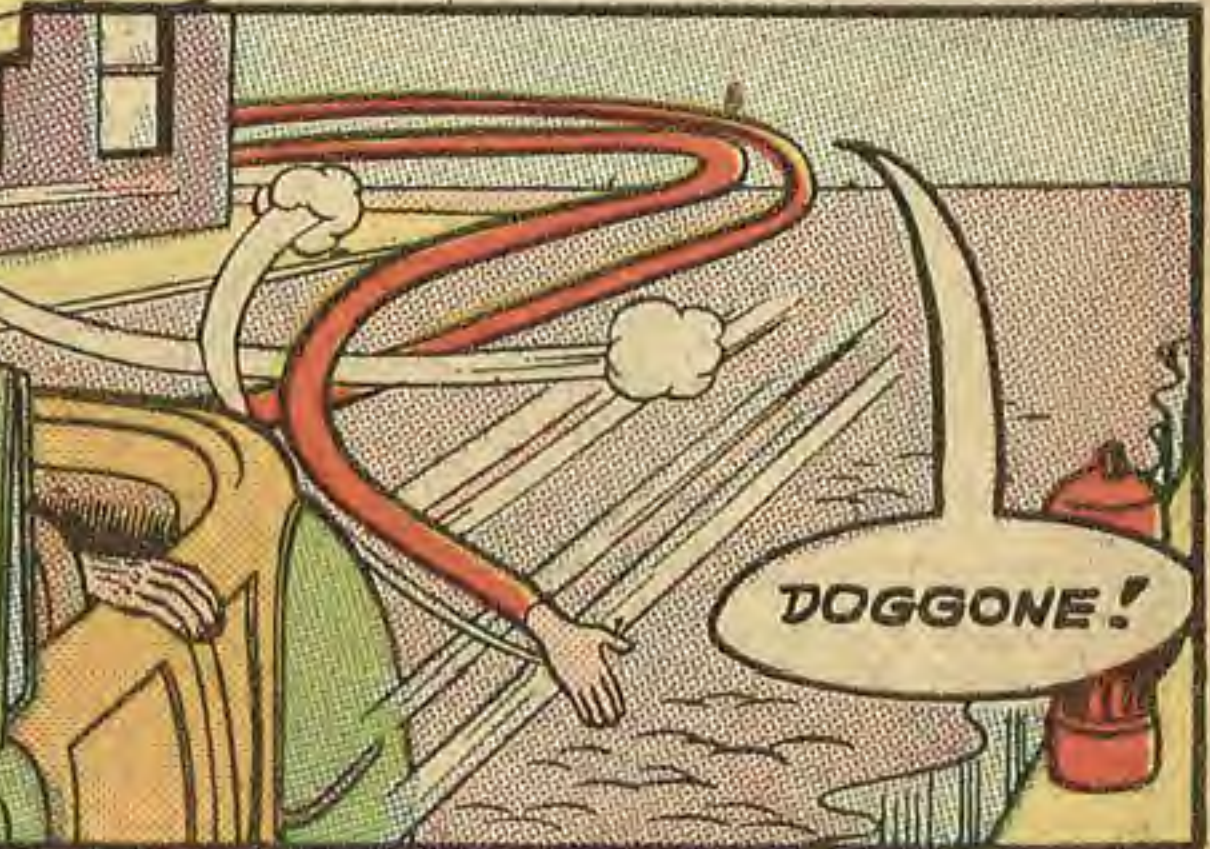
YIIII! IT'S PLASTIC MAN!



HE MUSTA BEEN IN THE BANK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE WHEN WE CRASHED THE VAULT! WHY DO THESE THINGS HAPPEN TO ME?



EEYOW! HE JUST MISSED US!



DOGGONE!



SKULLFACE GOT AWAY! BUT AT LEAST I'VE CAUGHT YOU!

AM I ARGUING? LEMME STAND UP SO I CAN SURRENDER!



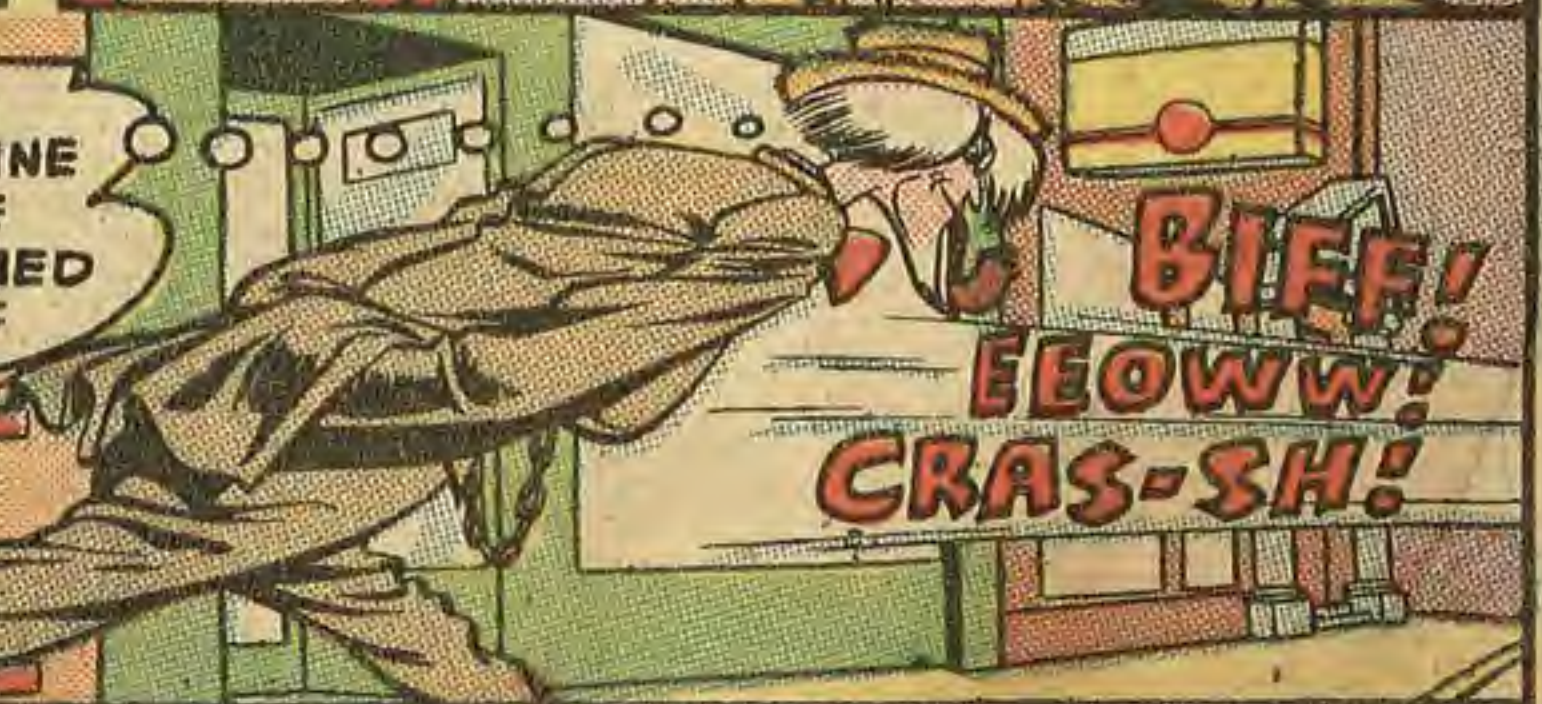
BE SMART! TELL ME WHERE TO FIND SKULLFACE AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET OFF WITH A LIGHT SENTENCE!

OKAY! OKAY! ONLY FIRST TAKE ME TO A NICE, SAFE PRISON CELL, WHERE SKULLFACE WON'T BE ABLE TO LISTEN IN!



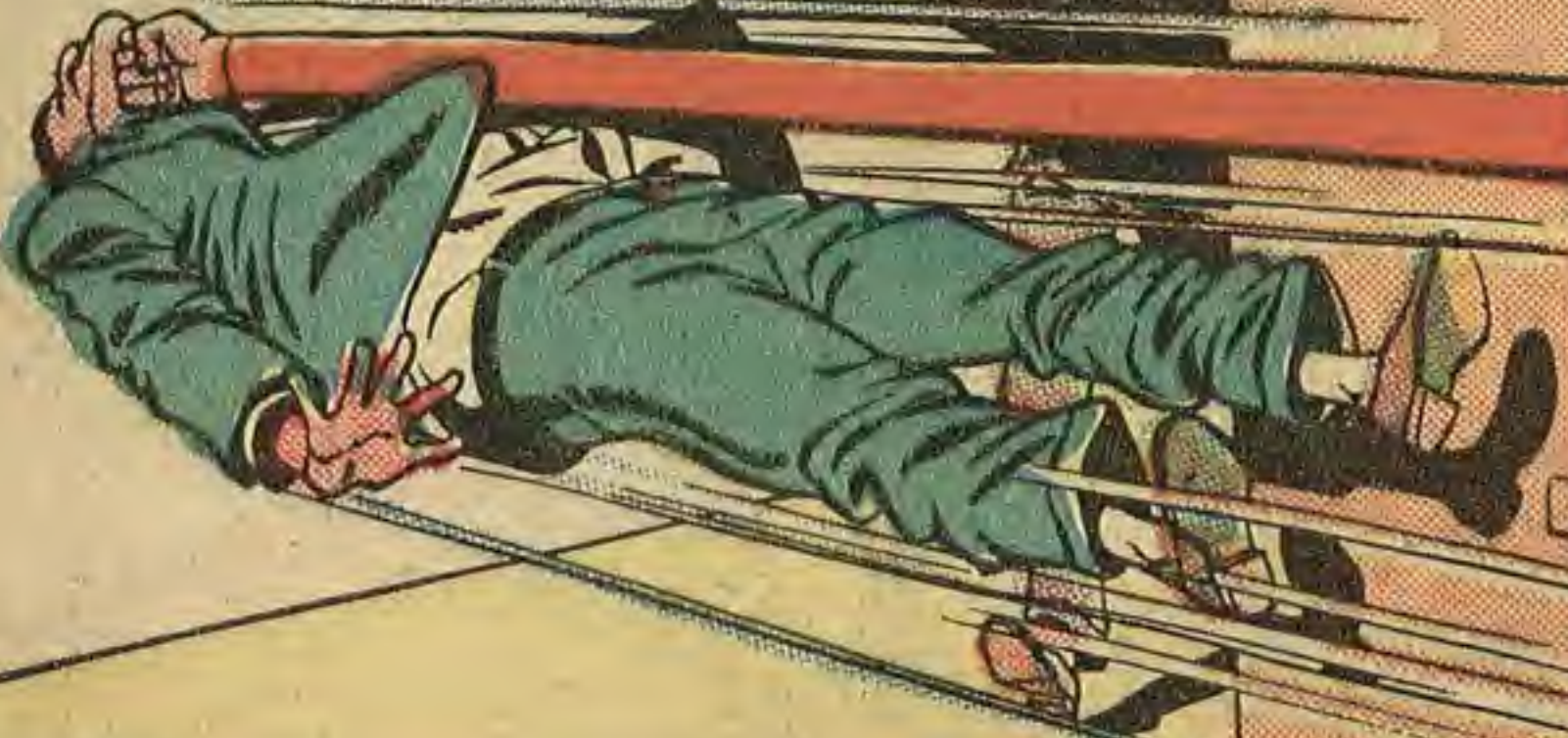
And so, later, when Professor Abelson is returning from the museum...

IT'S ALL TRUE! OH, I'M THE HAPPIEST OF MEN! IMAGINE IT BEING THE VERY STATUE OF ELOC THAT'S MENTIONED IN MY RARE VOLUME OF MYTHOLOGY!



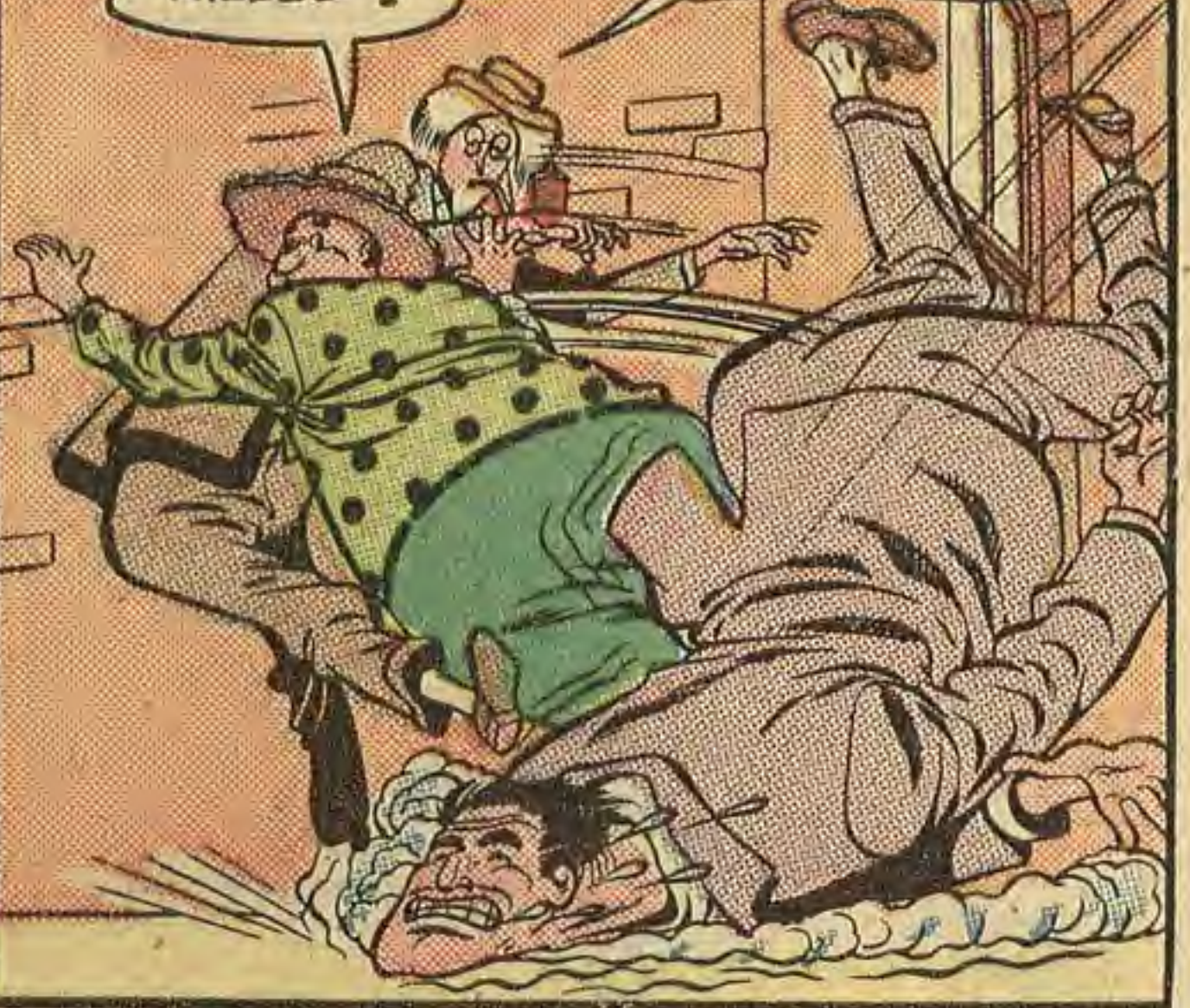
BIFF! EEOWW! CRAS-SH!

IF ONLY I COULD FIND SOME WAY OF GETTING INTO THE MUSEUM AT NIGHT! WITHOUT ANYONE TO DISTURB ME, I COULD TRY OUT THE FORMULA THAT THE BOOK MENTIONS!



STAND BACK! DO YOU WANNA GET KILLED?

IS SOMETHING WRONG?



NO, IT'S JUST MY PAL PLAS! HE'S LOCATED **SKULLFACE** AND HIS MOB IN THEIR HIDEOUT, AND HE'S CLEANING UP!

TSK, TSK!



HAS THIS...ER... **SKULLFACE** PERSON DONE SOMETHING?

DON'CHA READ THE PAPERS! HE'S CRACKED INTO A DOZEN BANKS THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO BE UNCRACKABLE!



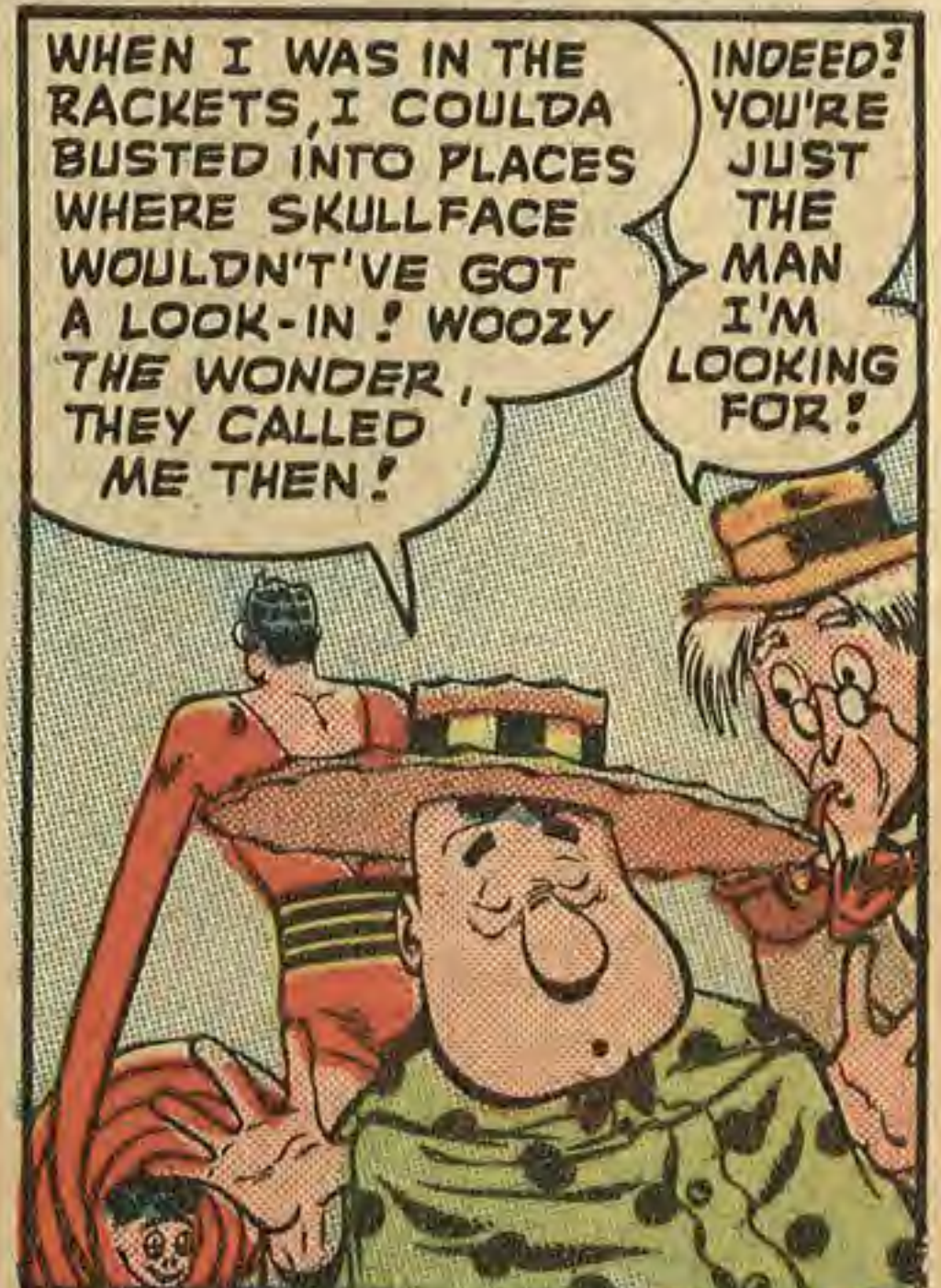
SIGH! TOO BAD! I COULD HAVE USED SOMEONE WITH HIS UNIQUE TALENTS! BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'S AVAILABLE NOW!

I WOULDN'T CALL HIS TALENTS EXACTLY **UNIQUE**!



WHEN I WAS IN THE RACKETS, I COULDA BUSTED INTO PLACES WHERE **SKULLFACE** WOULDN'T'VE GOT A LOOK-IN! WOODY THE WONDER, THEY CALLED ME THEN!

INDEED! YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!





I'M ENGAGED IN A BIT OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH! TO FURTHER MY STUDIES, IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY THAT I GET INTO THE MUSEUM AT MIDNIGHT!

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT WOOLY STOOD IN THE WAY OF SCIENCE! WHAT'S THE SET-UP?



That night, at the museum.....

REMARKABLE, THE WAY YOU OPENED THE MAIN DOOR!

AW, THAT WASN'T ANYTHING! THIS METAL DOOR IS LOCKED, TOO! BUT A FEW TWISTS OF THE WRIST...

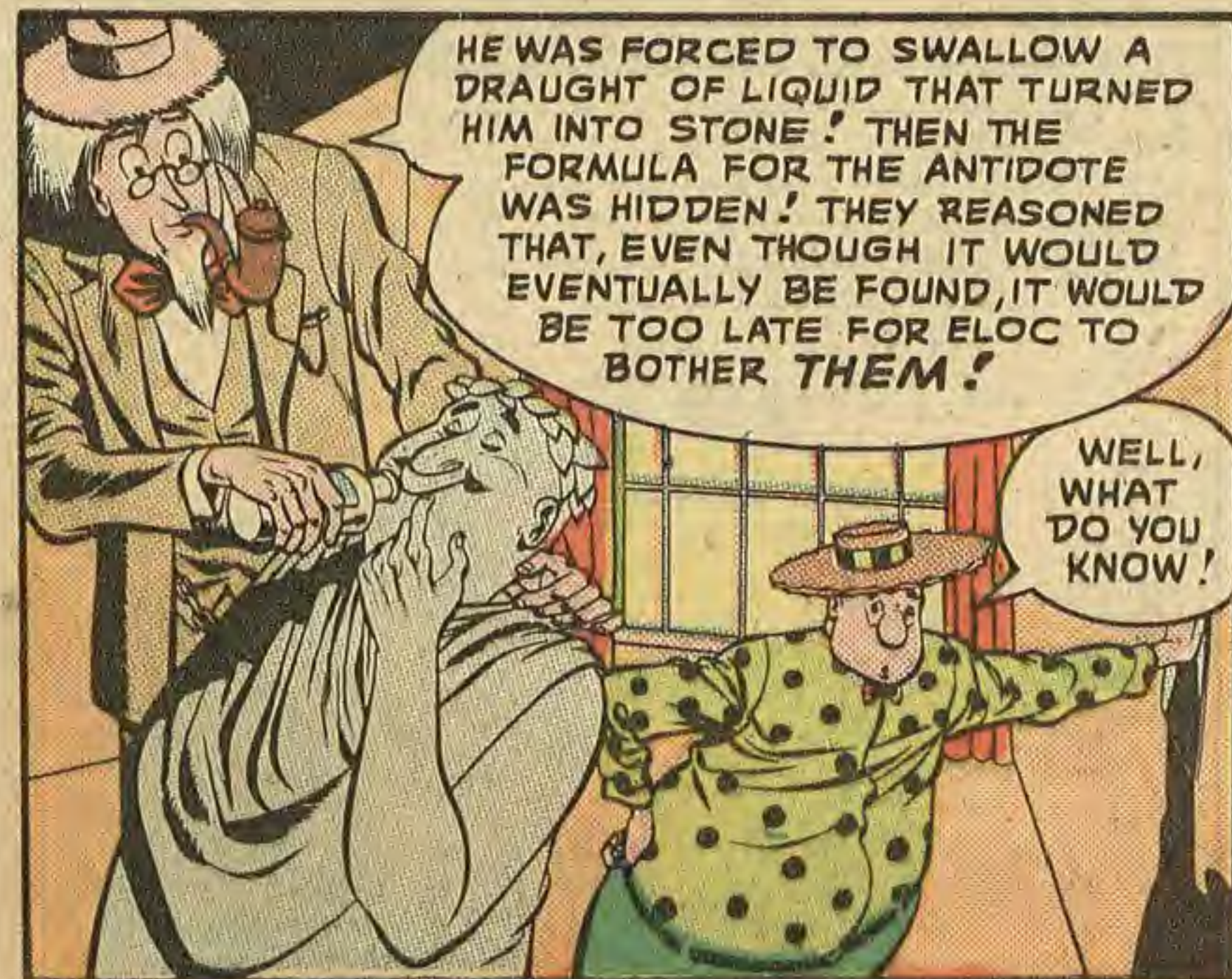


--- AND WE'RE IN! IT'S GOOD TO KNOW I HAVEN'T LOST MY TOUCH!

THERE IT IS! THE STATUE OF ELOC!

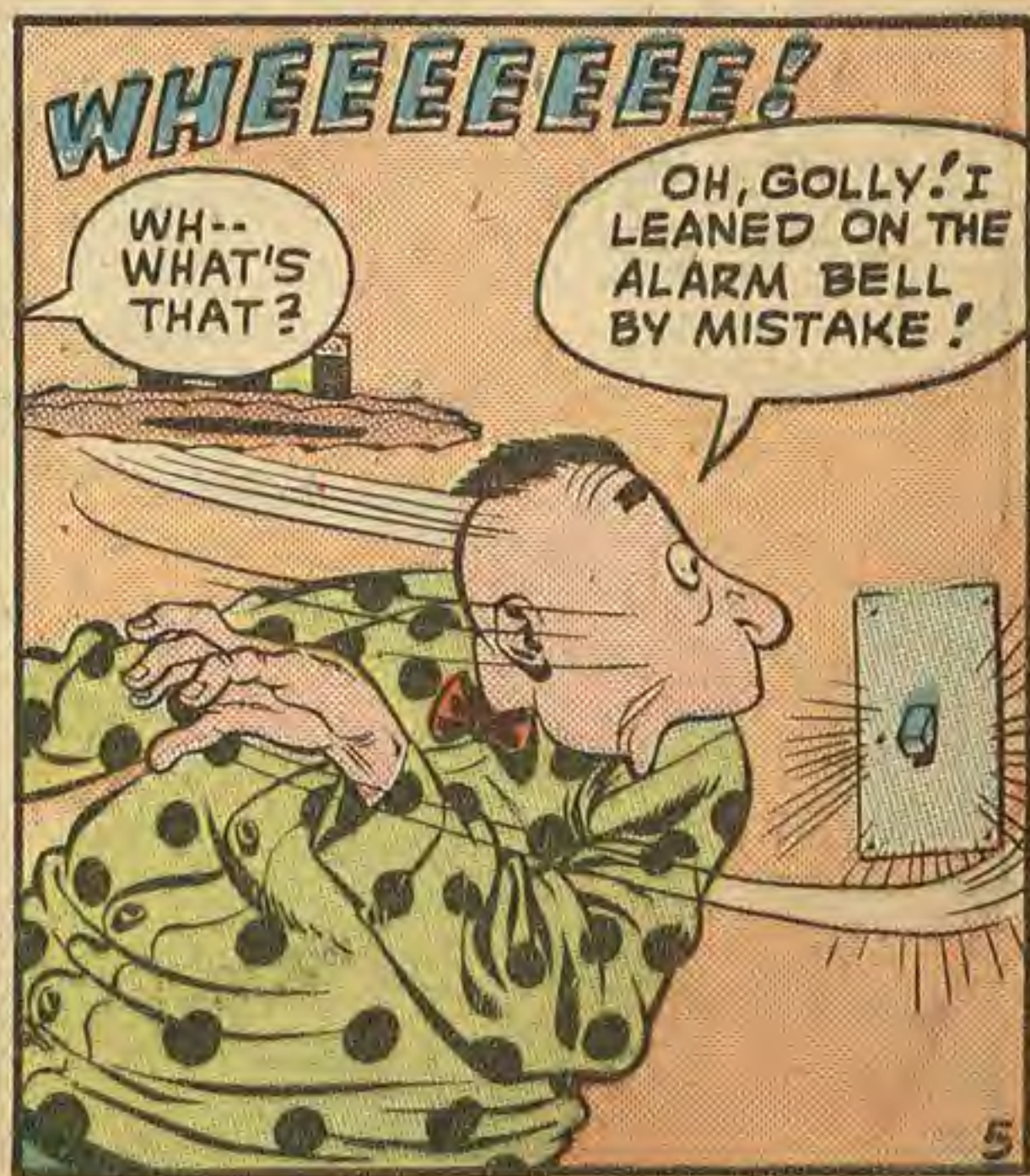
WHAT KINDA RESEARCH YOU GONNA DO WITH A STATUE, PROFESSOR?

ACCORDING TO MYTHOLOGY, THIS IS NOT AN ORDINARY STATUE! IT'S REALLY ELOC HIMSELF! HE WAS THE GOD OF MISCHIEF, AND A VERY ANNOYING FELLOW TO HAVE AROUND!



HE WAS FORCED TO SWALLOW A DRAUGHT OF LIQUID THAT TURNED HIM INTO STONE! THEN THE FORMULA FOR THE ANTIDOTE WAS HIDDEN! THEY REASONED THAT, EVEN THOUGH IT WOULD EVENTUALLY BE FOUND, IT WOULD BE TOO LATE FOR ELOC TO BOTHER THEM!

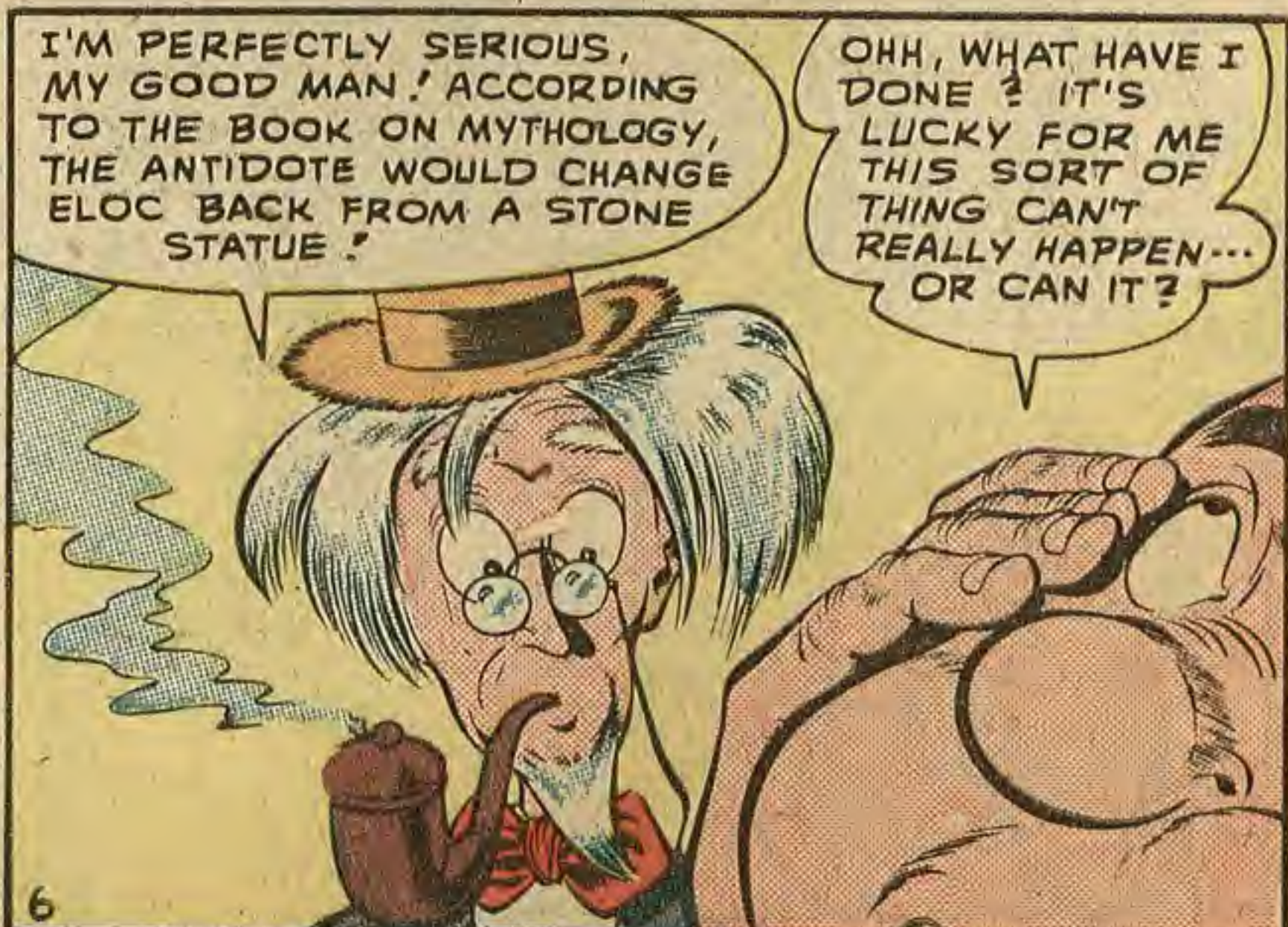
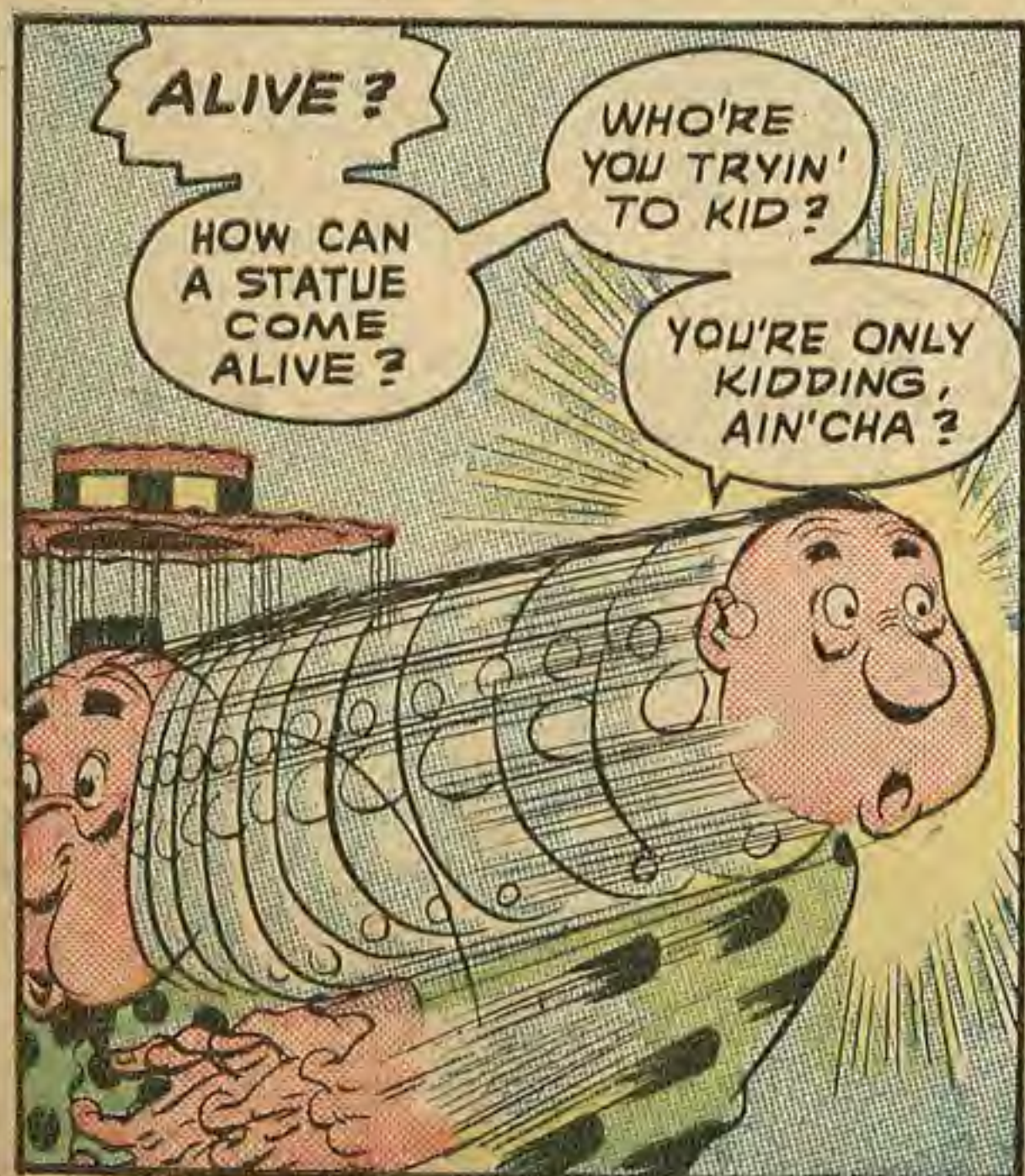
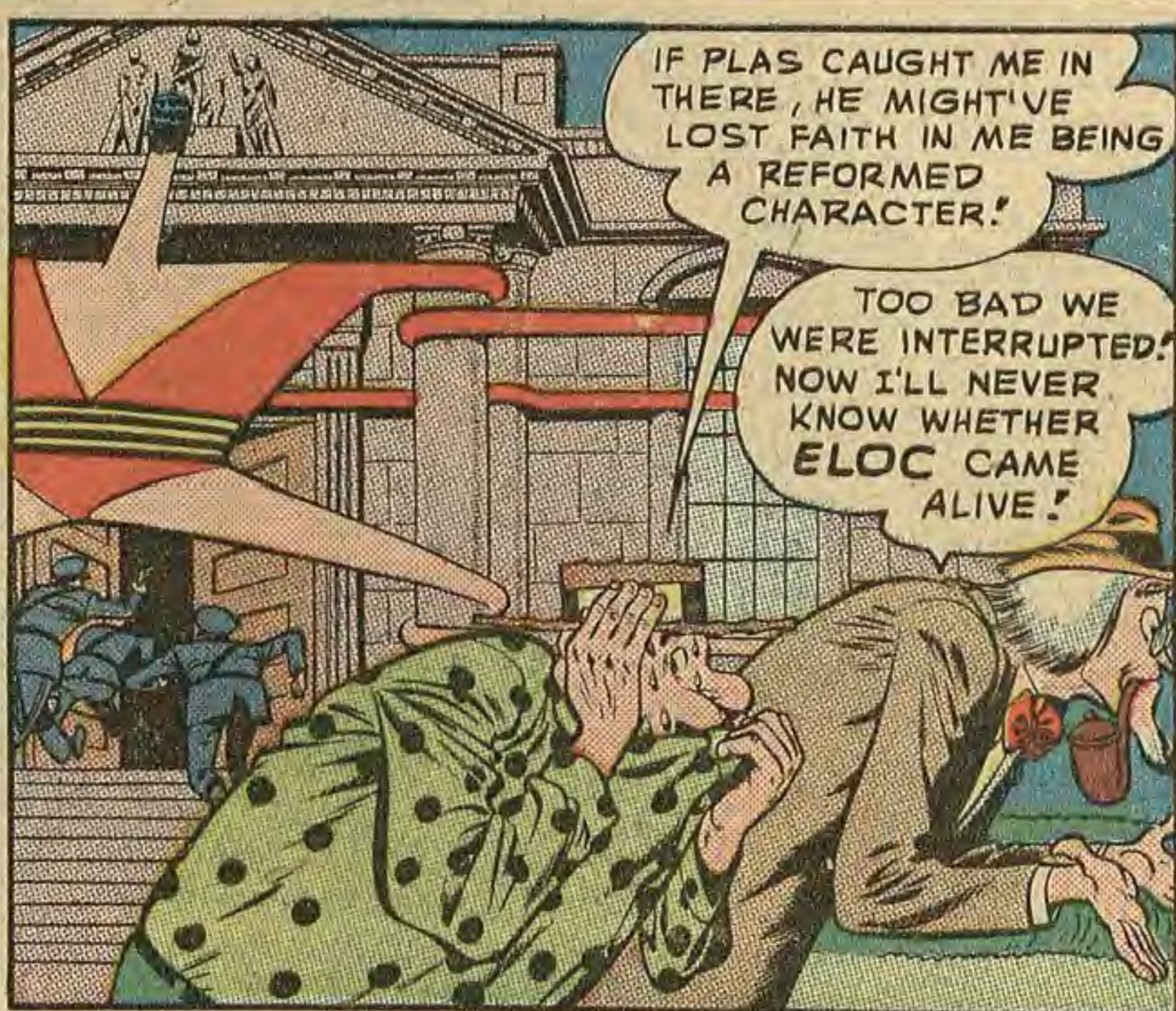
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW!



WHEEEEEEEEE!

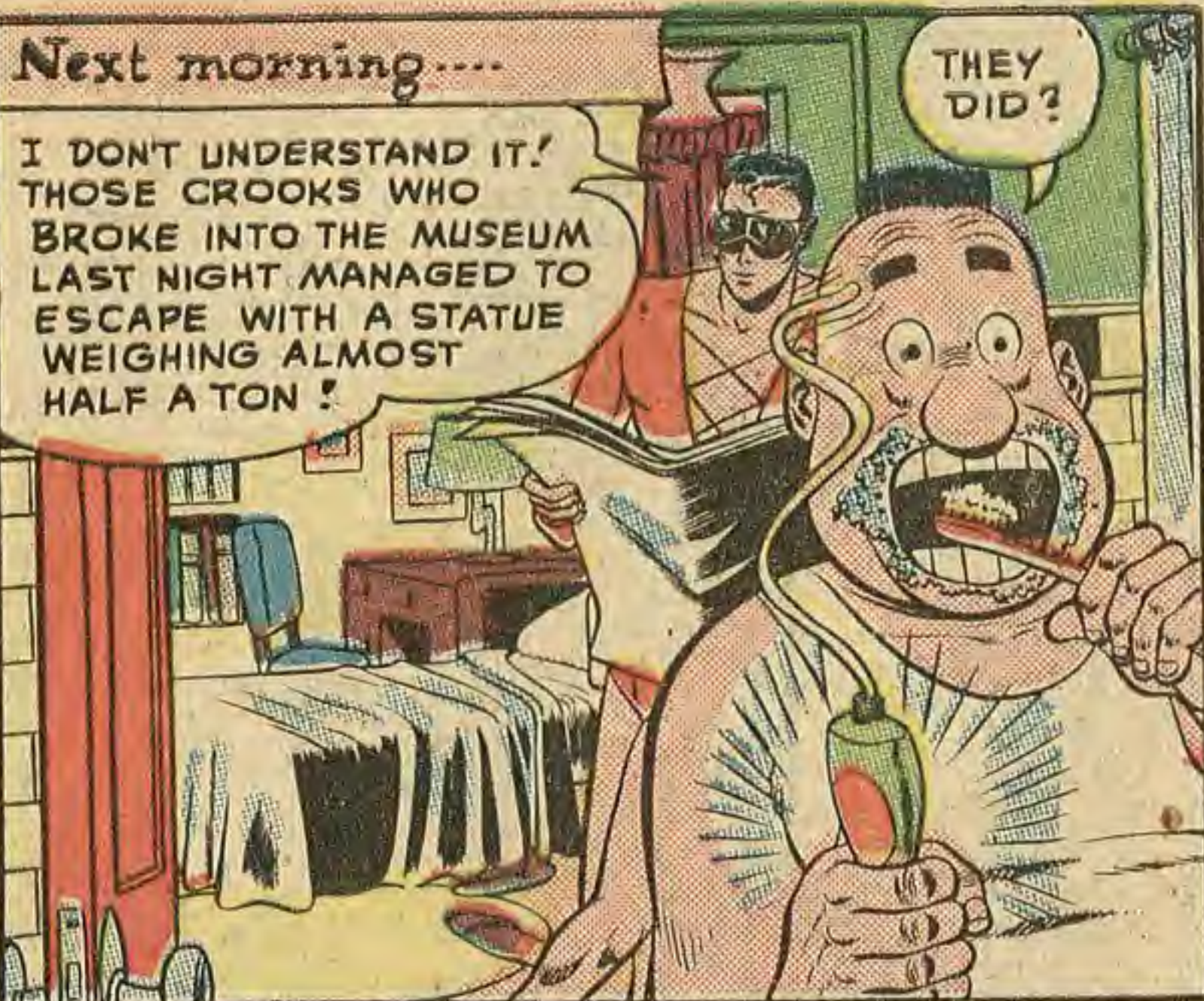
WH-- WHAT'S THAT?

OH, GOLLY! I LEANED ON THE ALARM BELL BY MISTAKE!



Next morning....

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! THOSE CROOKS WHO BROKE INTO THE MUSEUM LAST NIGHT MANAGED TO ESCAPE WITH A STATUE WEIGHING ALMOST HALF A TON!



THEY DID?

Y-Y-YOU MEAN A STATUE'S ACTUALLY MISSING?

YES... THE STATUE OF AN OLD GREEK GOD OF MISCHIEF CALLED ELOC! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE CROOKS SMUGGLED IT OUT!



I ARRIVED WITHIN A FEW MINUTES OF THE TIME THE ALARM WENT OFF! AND IT WOULD TAKE A TRUCK WITH HOISTING EQUIPMENT TO MOVE SUCH A HEAVY STATUE!



IT HAPPENED! GEE, I GOTTA WARN THE PROFESSOR!

SEE YOU LATER, PLAS!

WHOEVER OPENED THOSE DOORS IS AN OLD HAND WITH LOCKS! HIS TECHNIQUE REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE! BUT WHO?

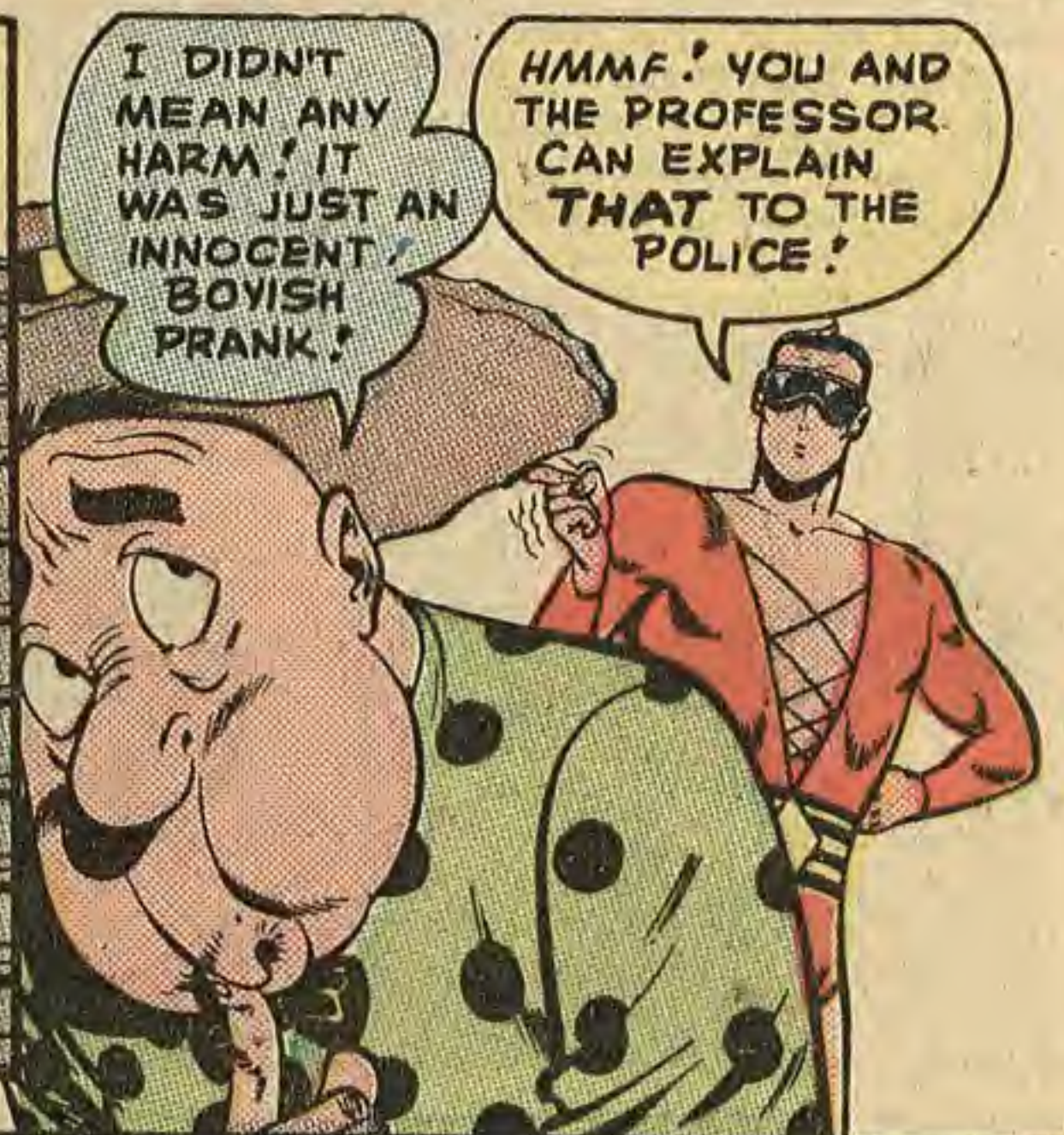


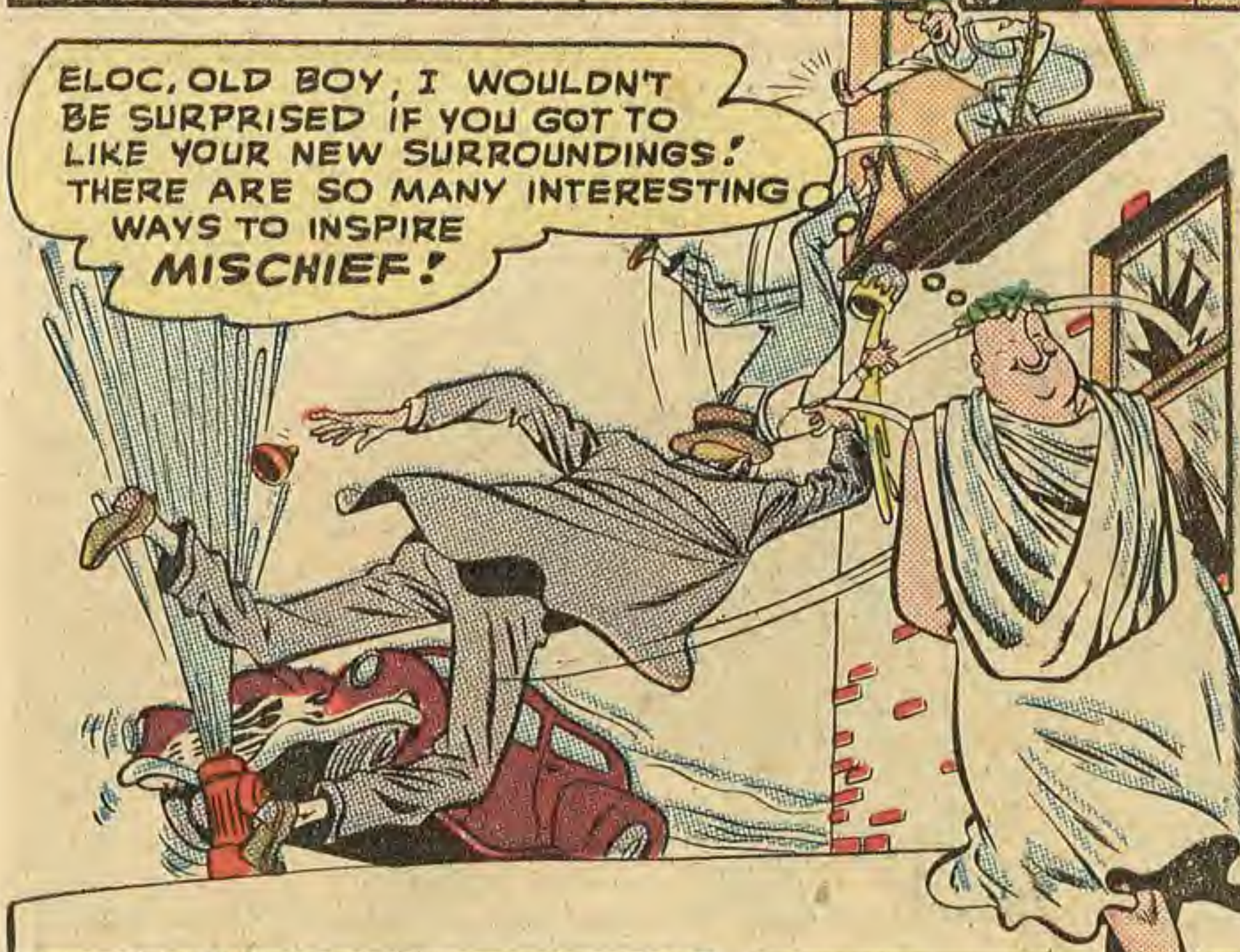
I KNOW! WOOLZY!

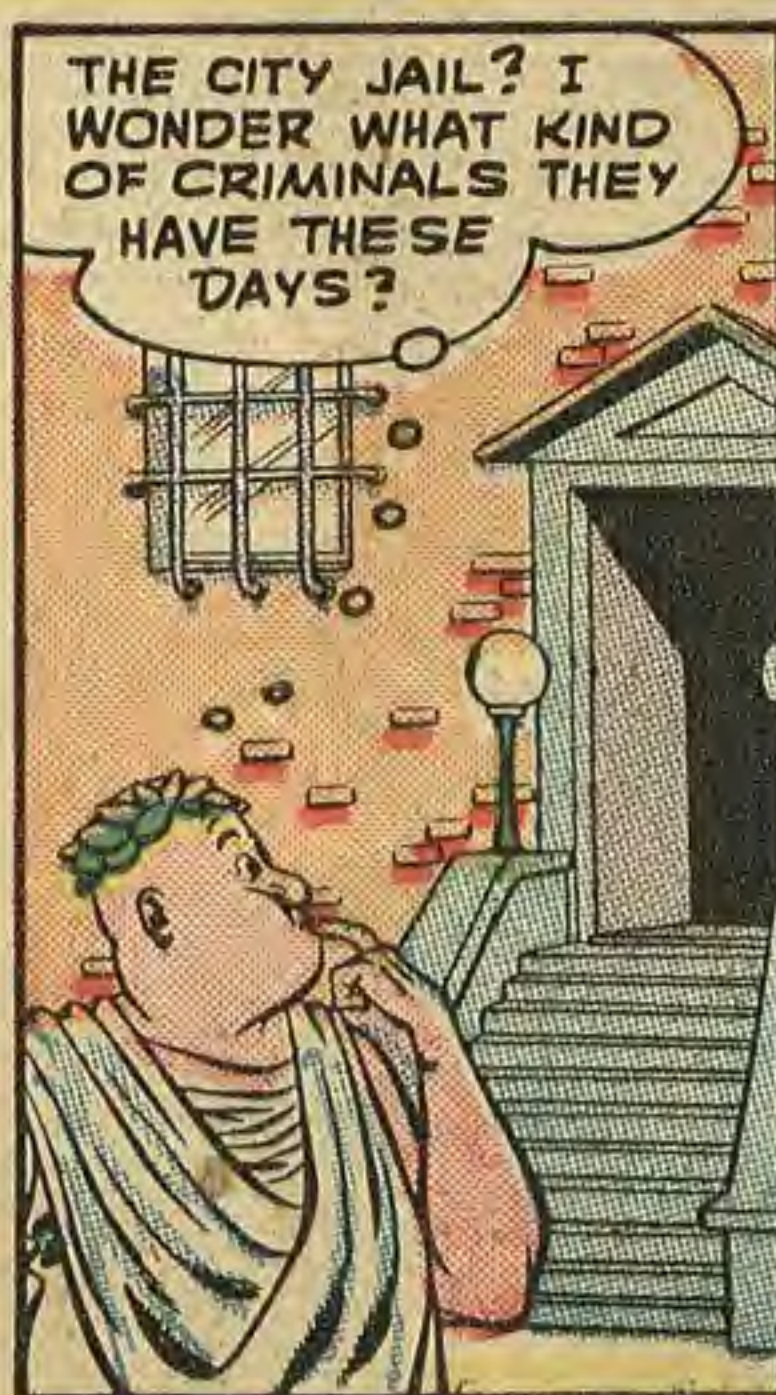
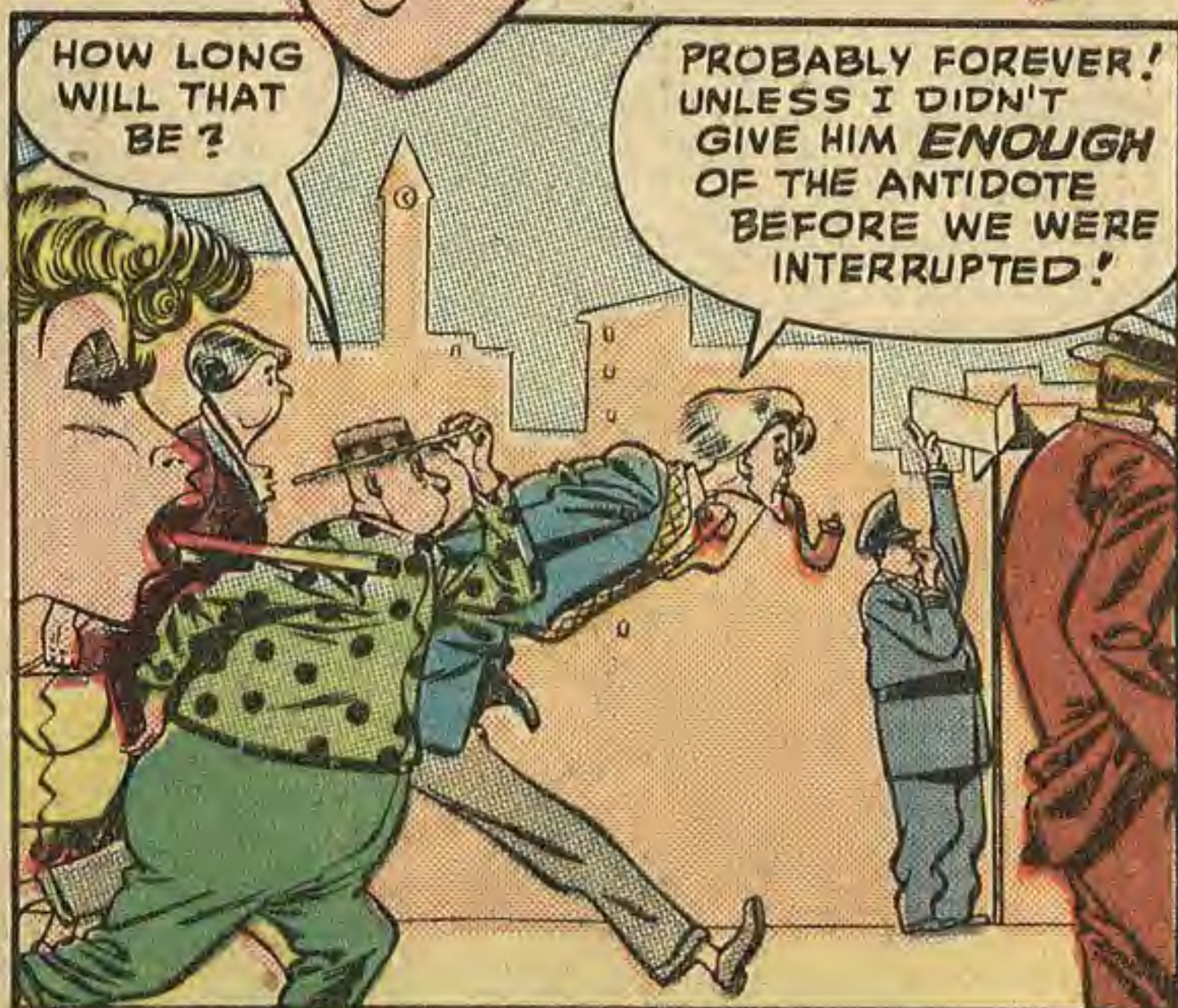


BUT WHY WOULD WOOLZY WANT TO STEAL AN OLD STATUE? MAYBE MY SUSPICIONS ARE UNJUSTIFIED... BUT HE DOES LOOK WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING!





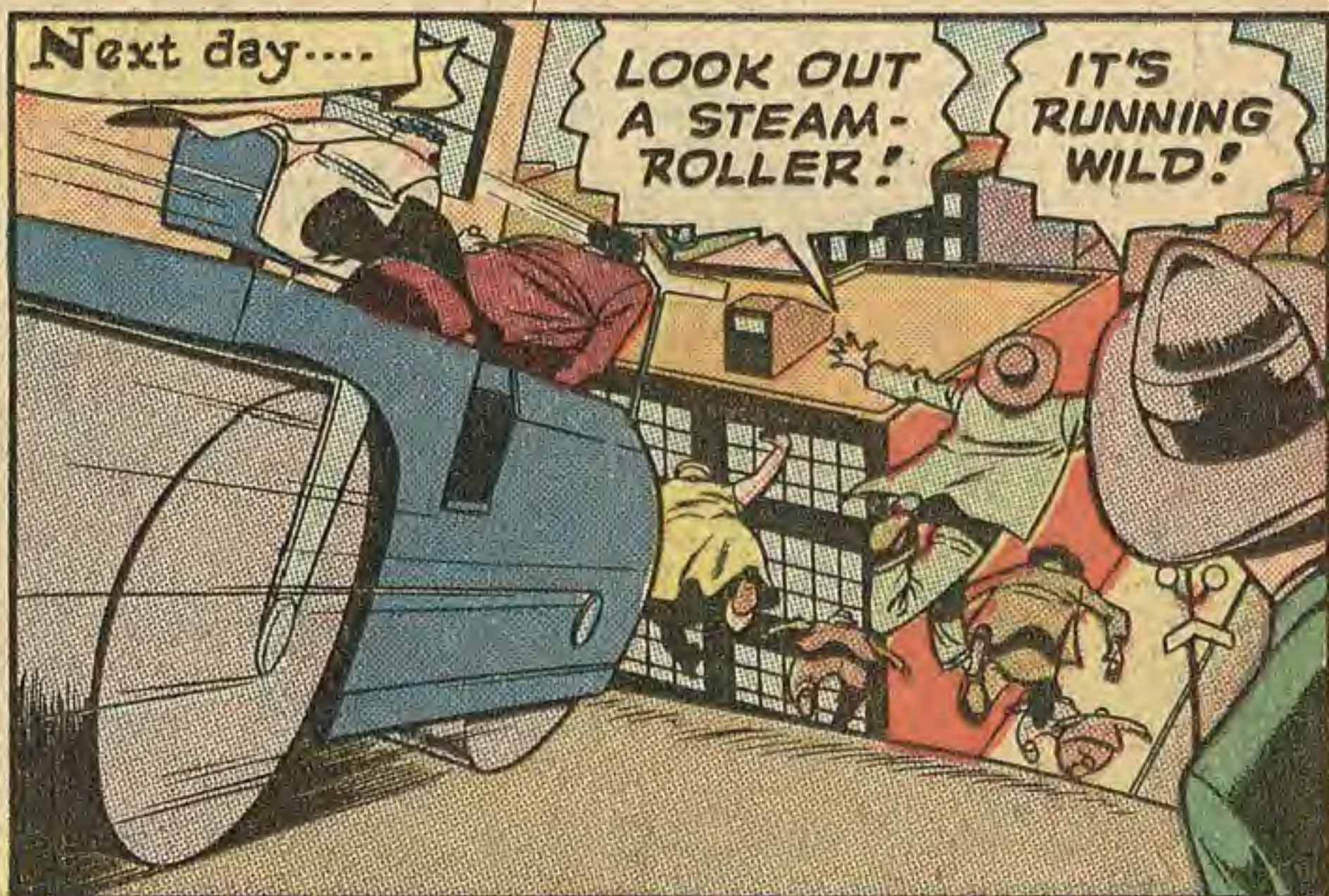


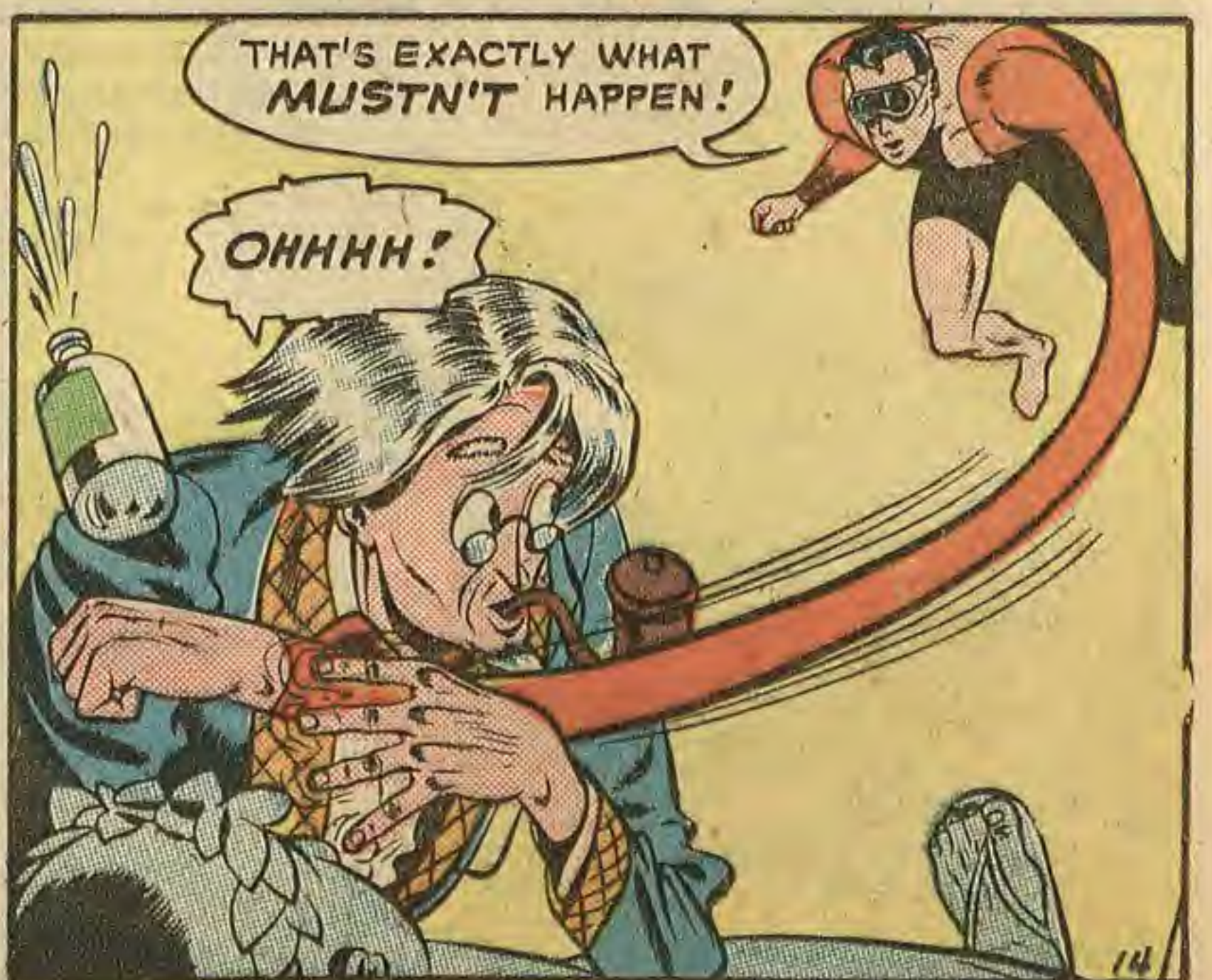
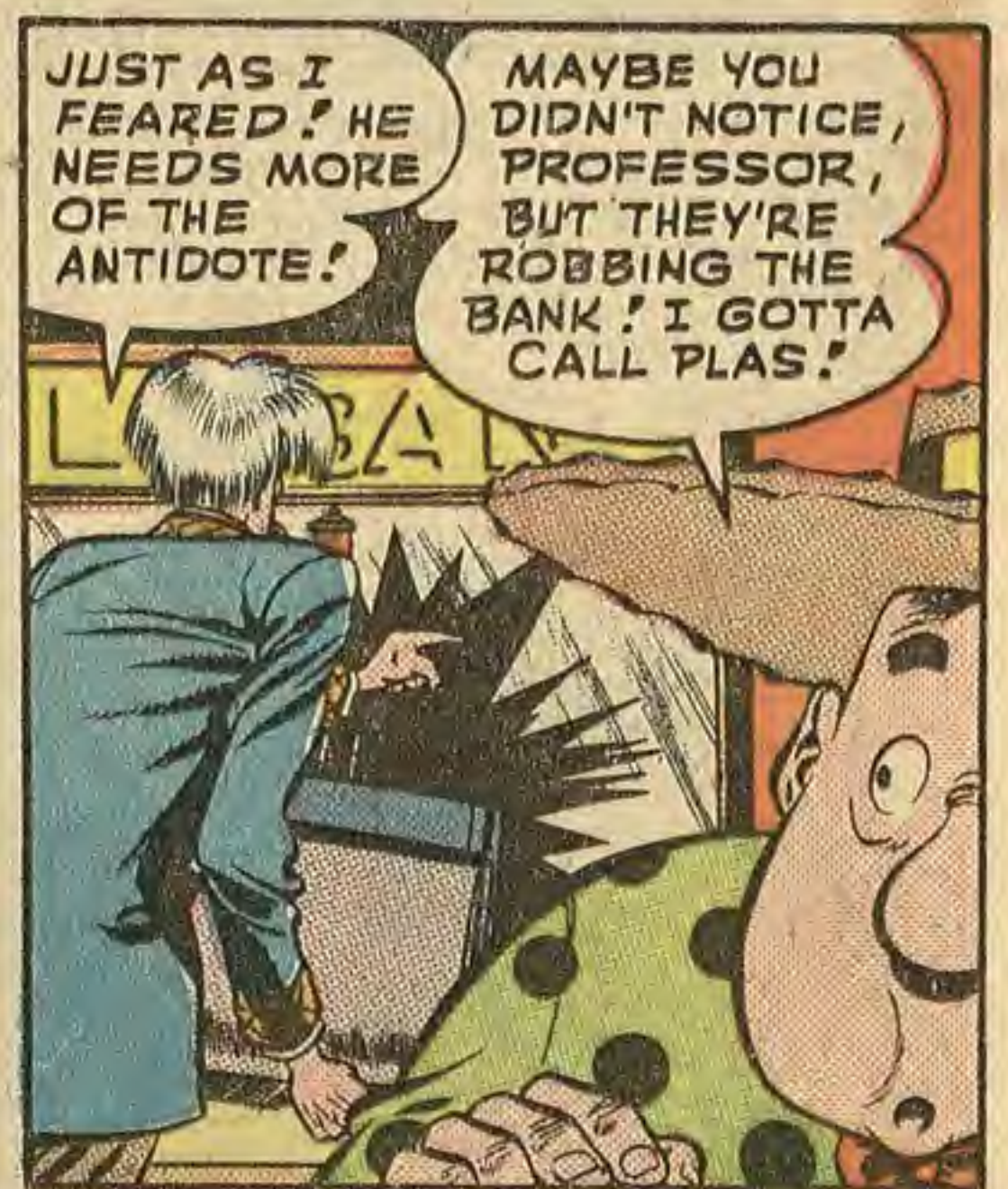
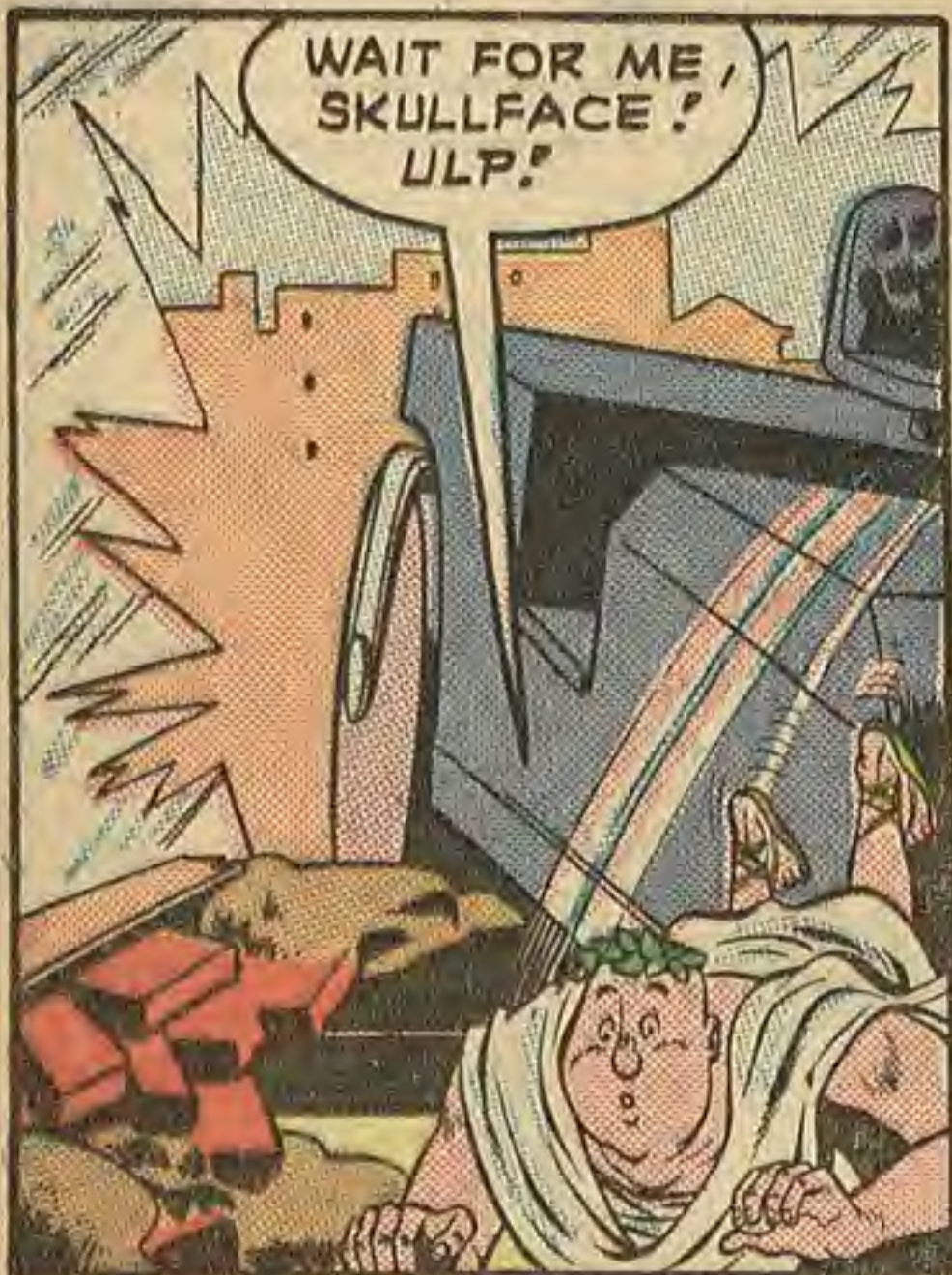
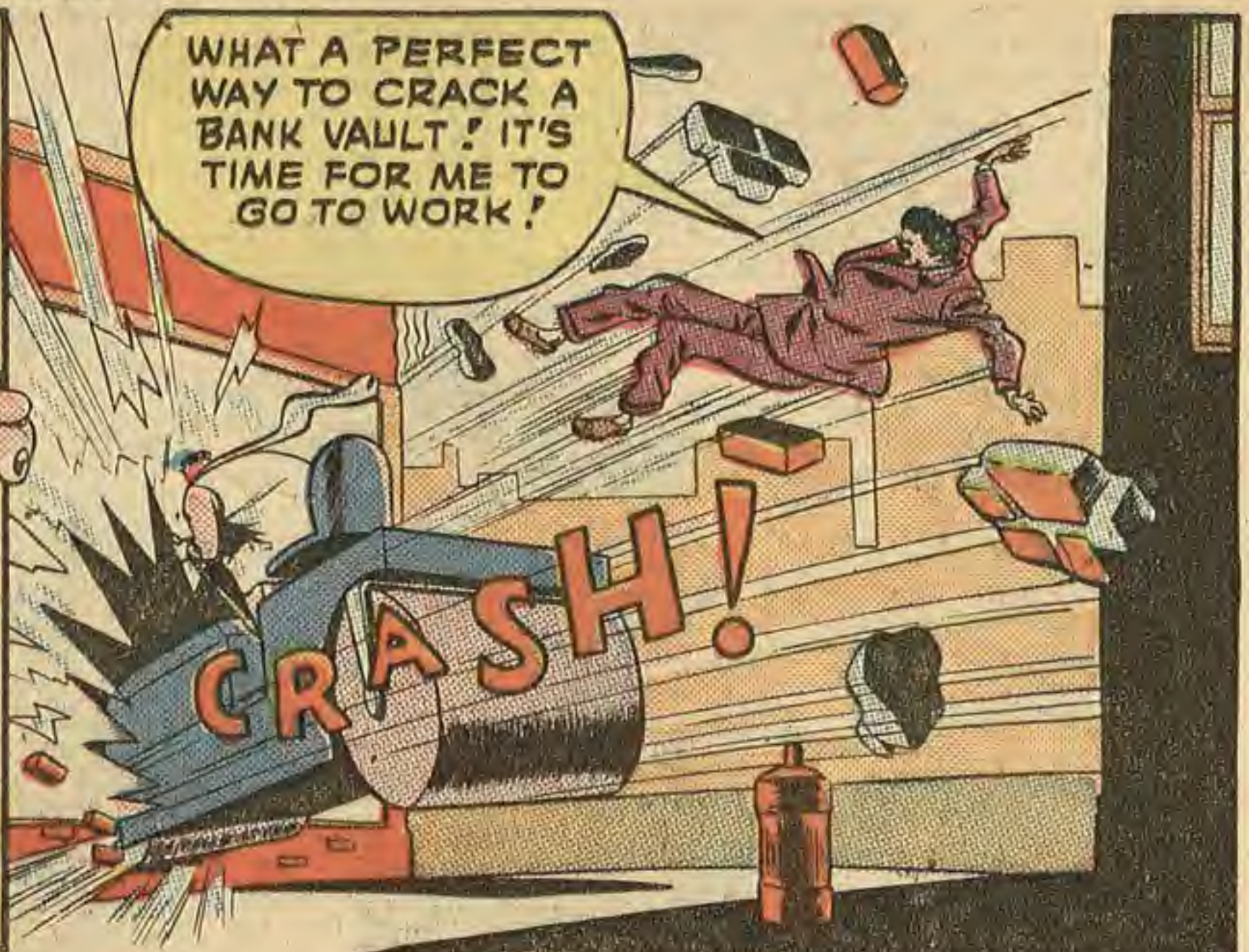


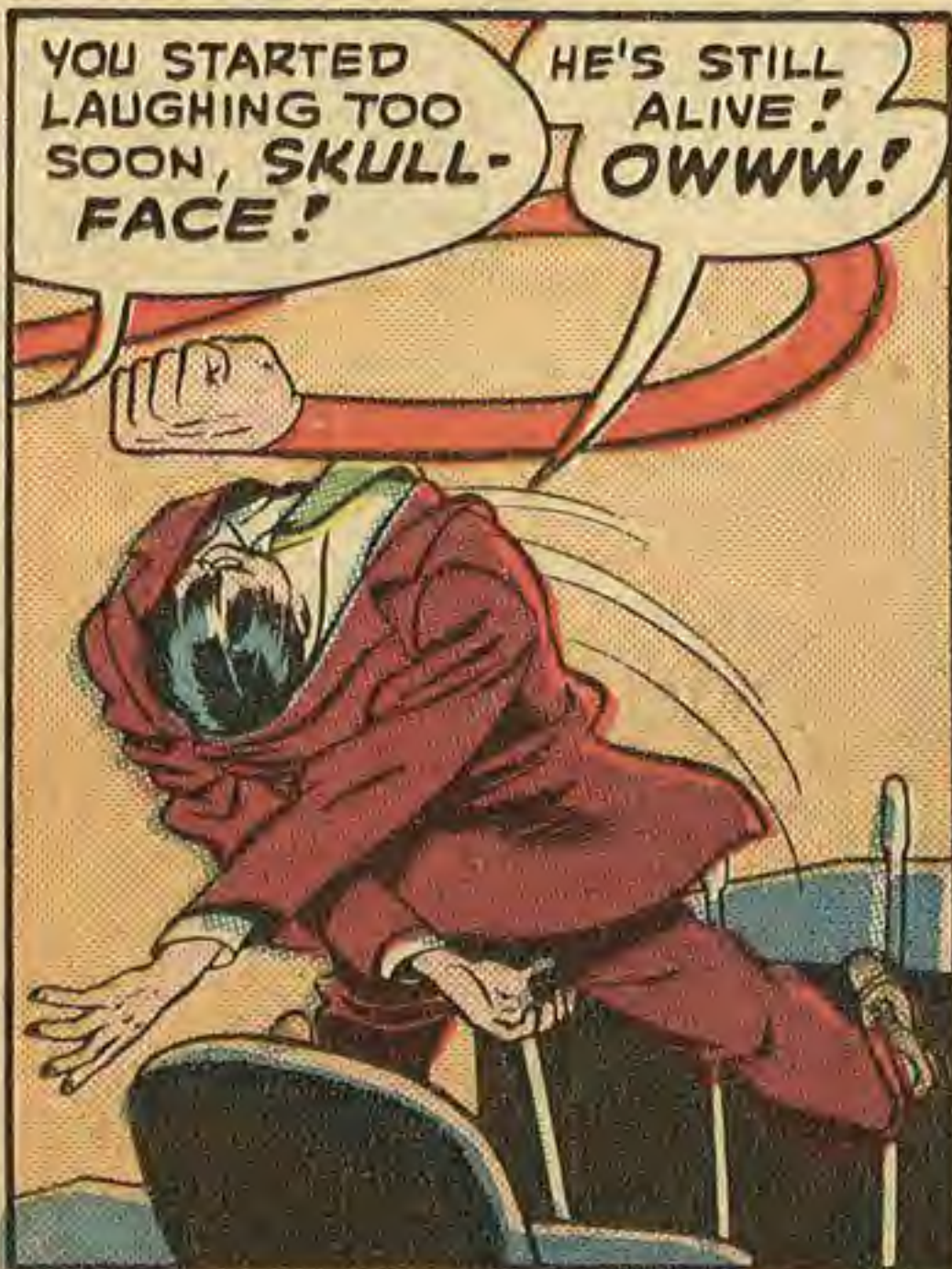
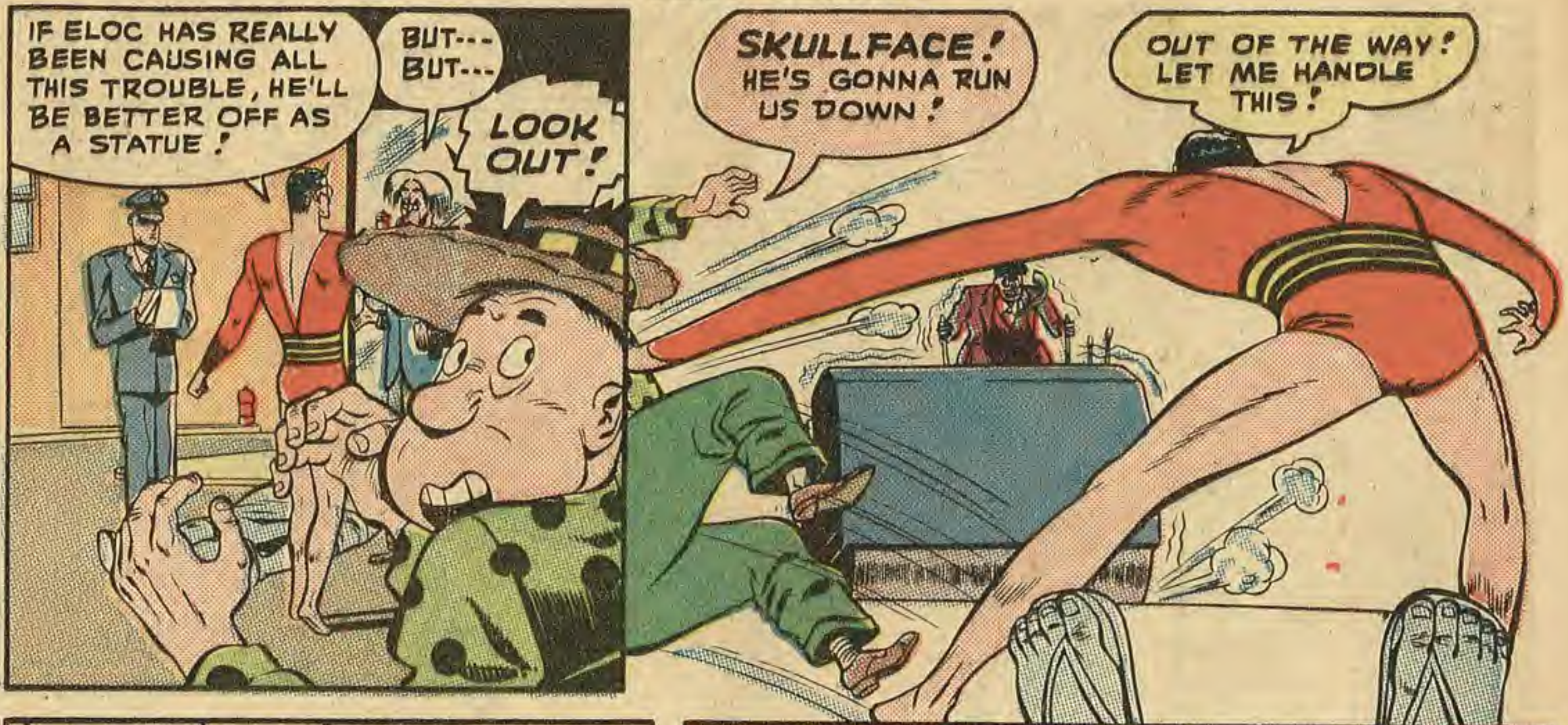




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HONEYBUN



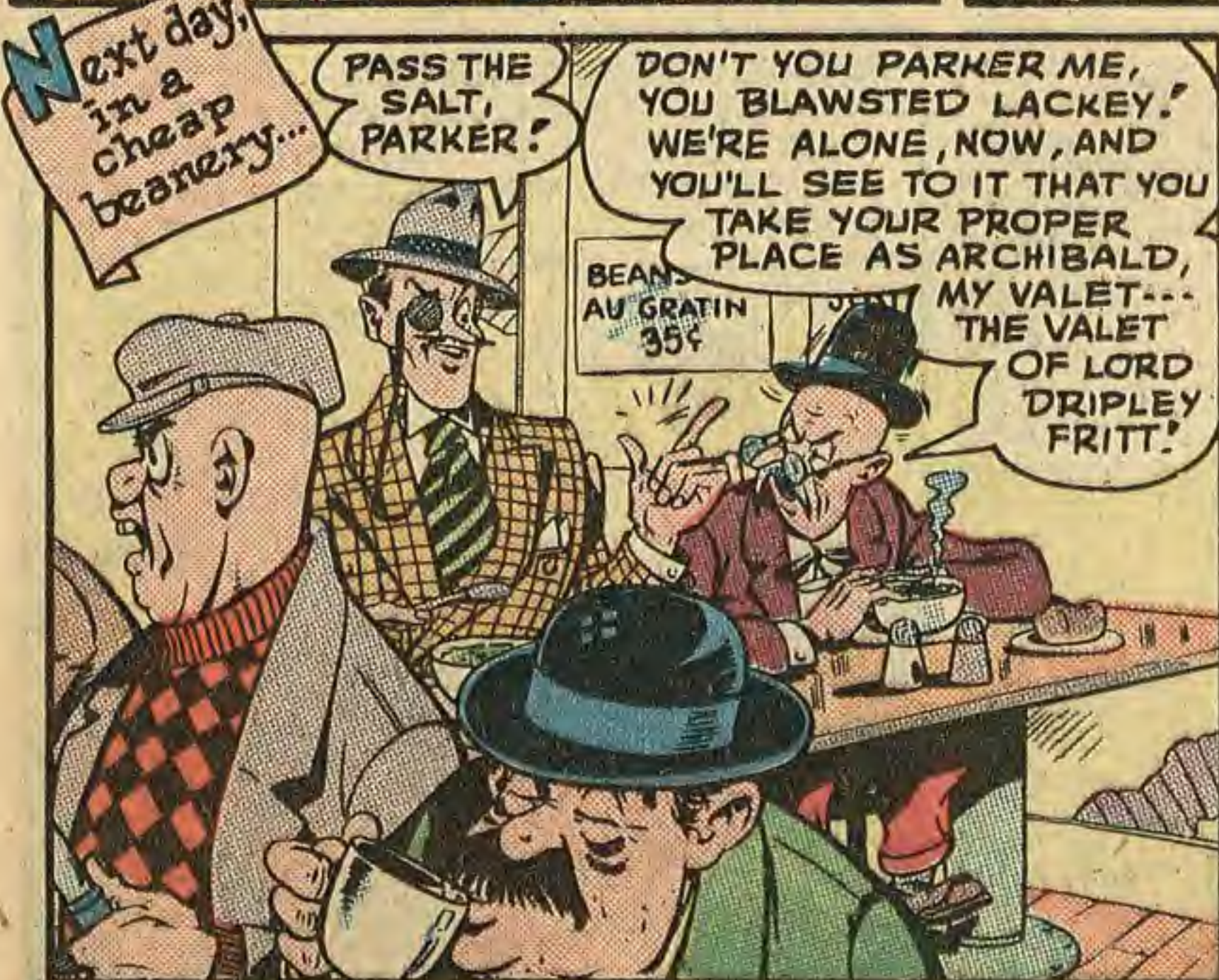
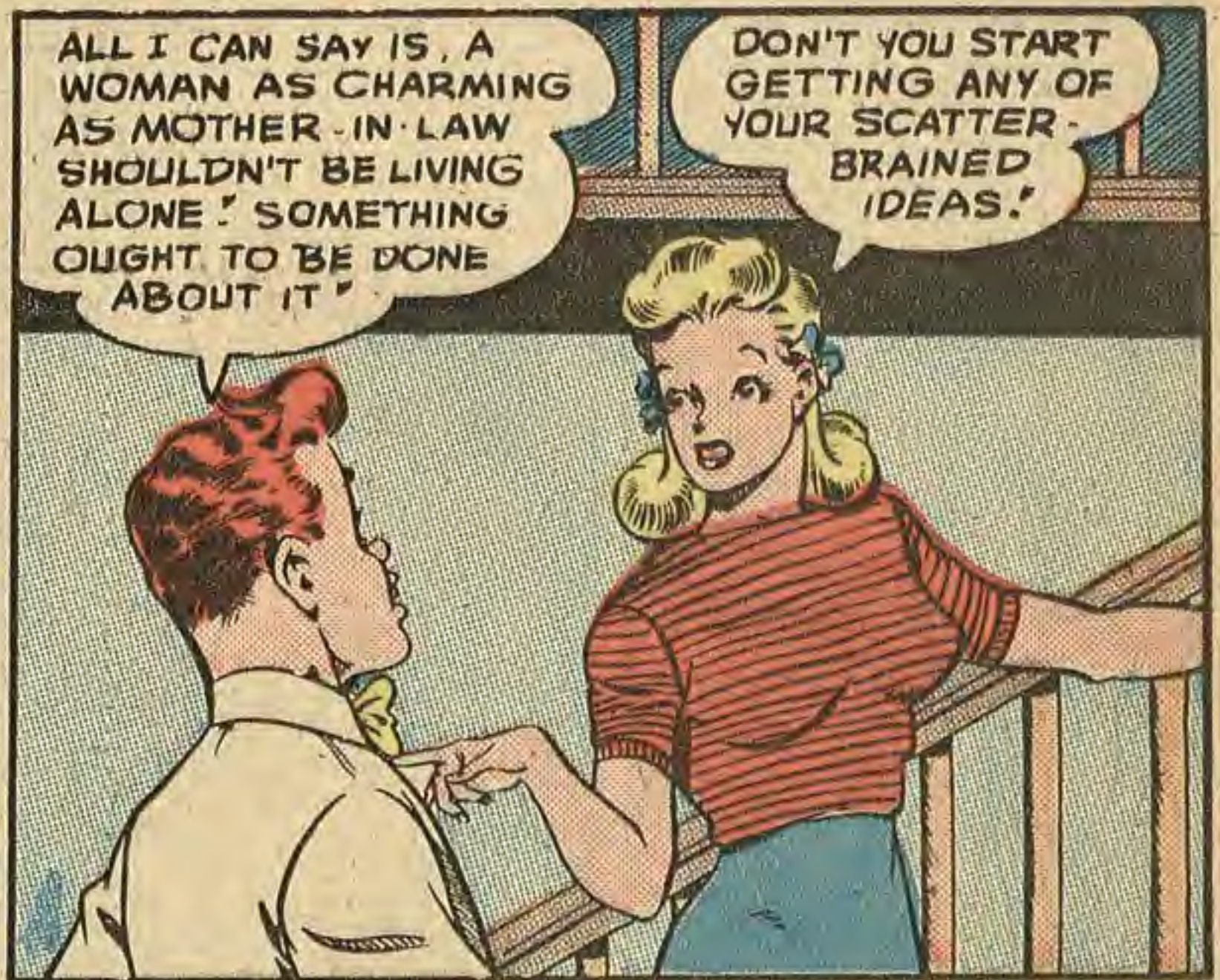
I HEREBY PROCLAIM YOU DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ALL FORTY EIGHT STATES, AND IF ANY MORE ARE ADDED, TO THE UNION, YOU GET FIRST CRACK AT BEING DUKE AND DUCHESS OF THOSE!

GEE, MOTHER-IN-LAW--- THANKS!

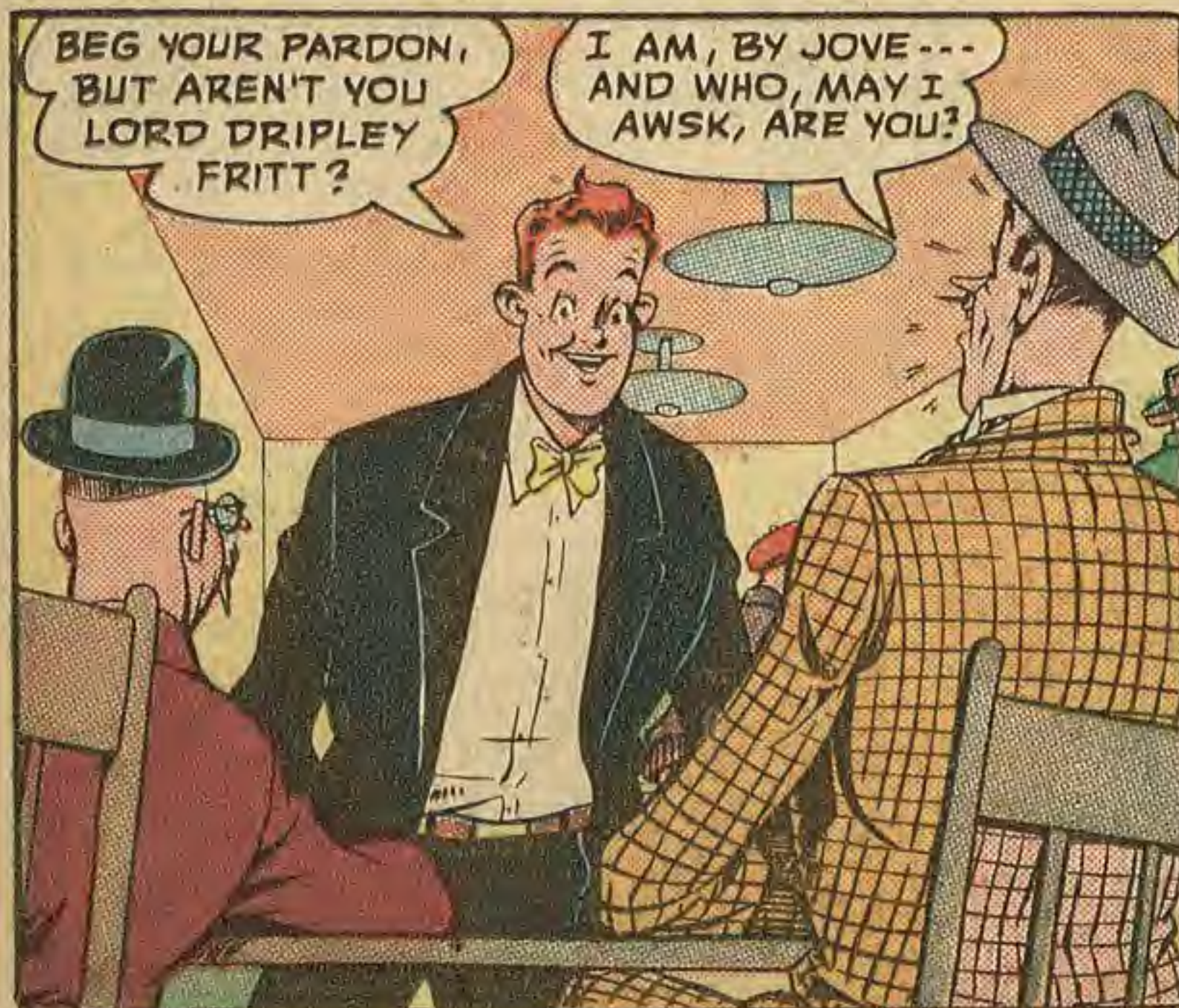
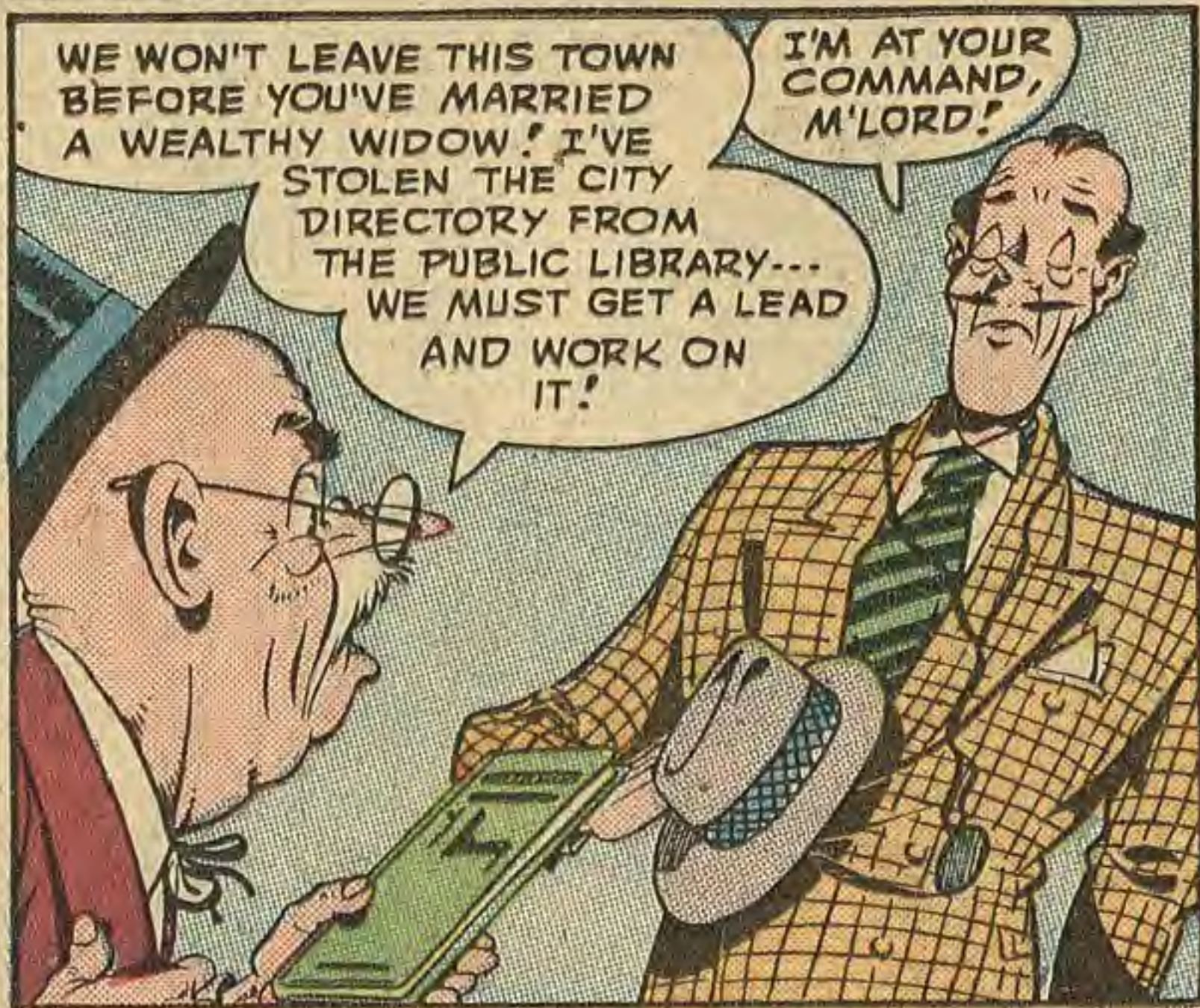
IMAGINE... LORD DRIPLEY FRITT IS IN OUR TOWN! GOODNESS-- HE'S DASHING!

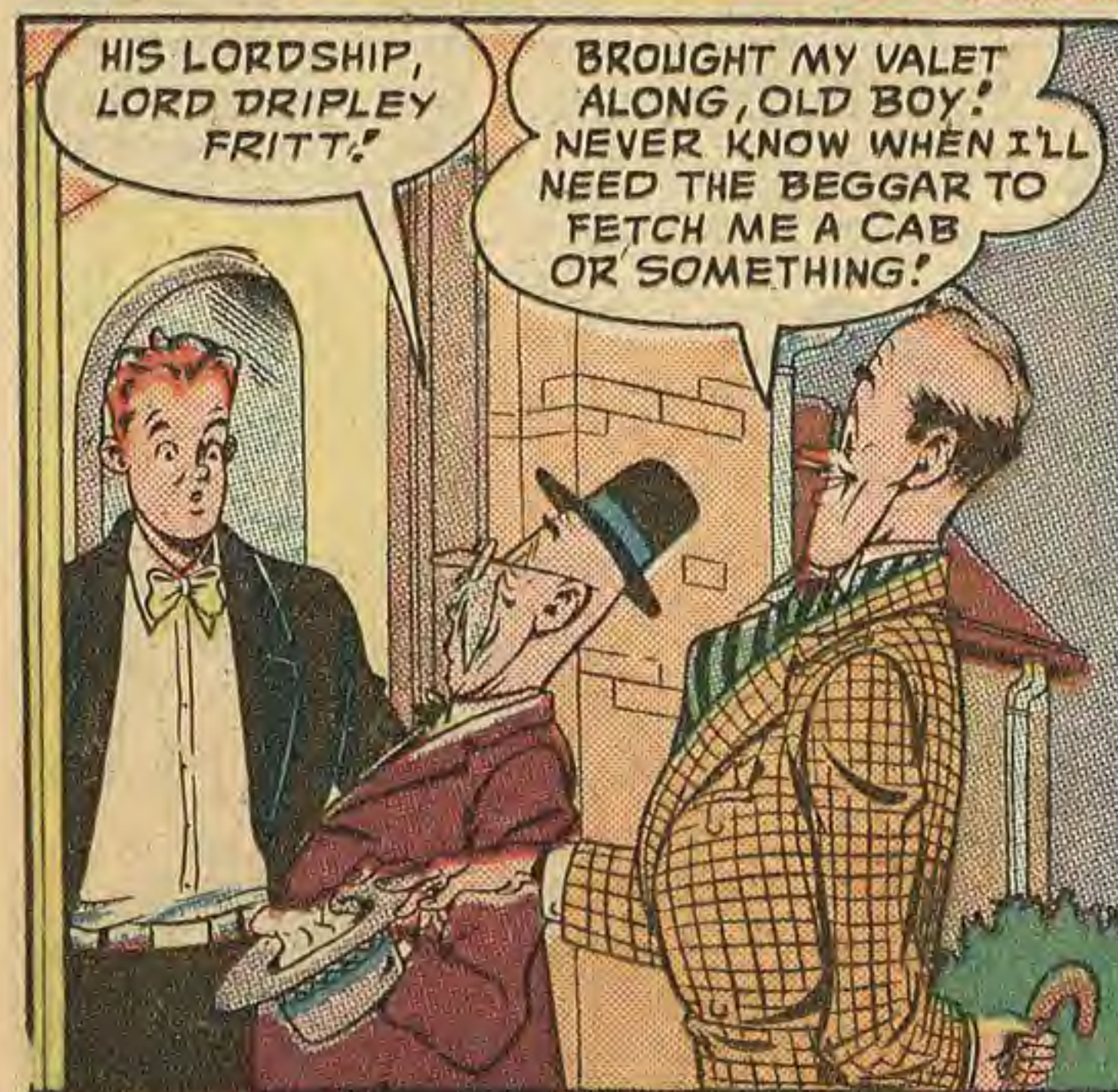
WOO! WOO! HE'S A BIT ELDERLY, BUT FULL OF GLAMOUR!

ELDERLY? WHY, HE HARDLY SEEMS MIDDLE AGED TO ME!

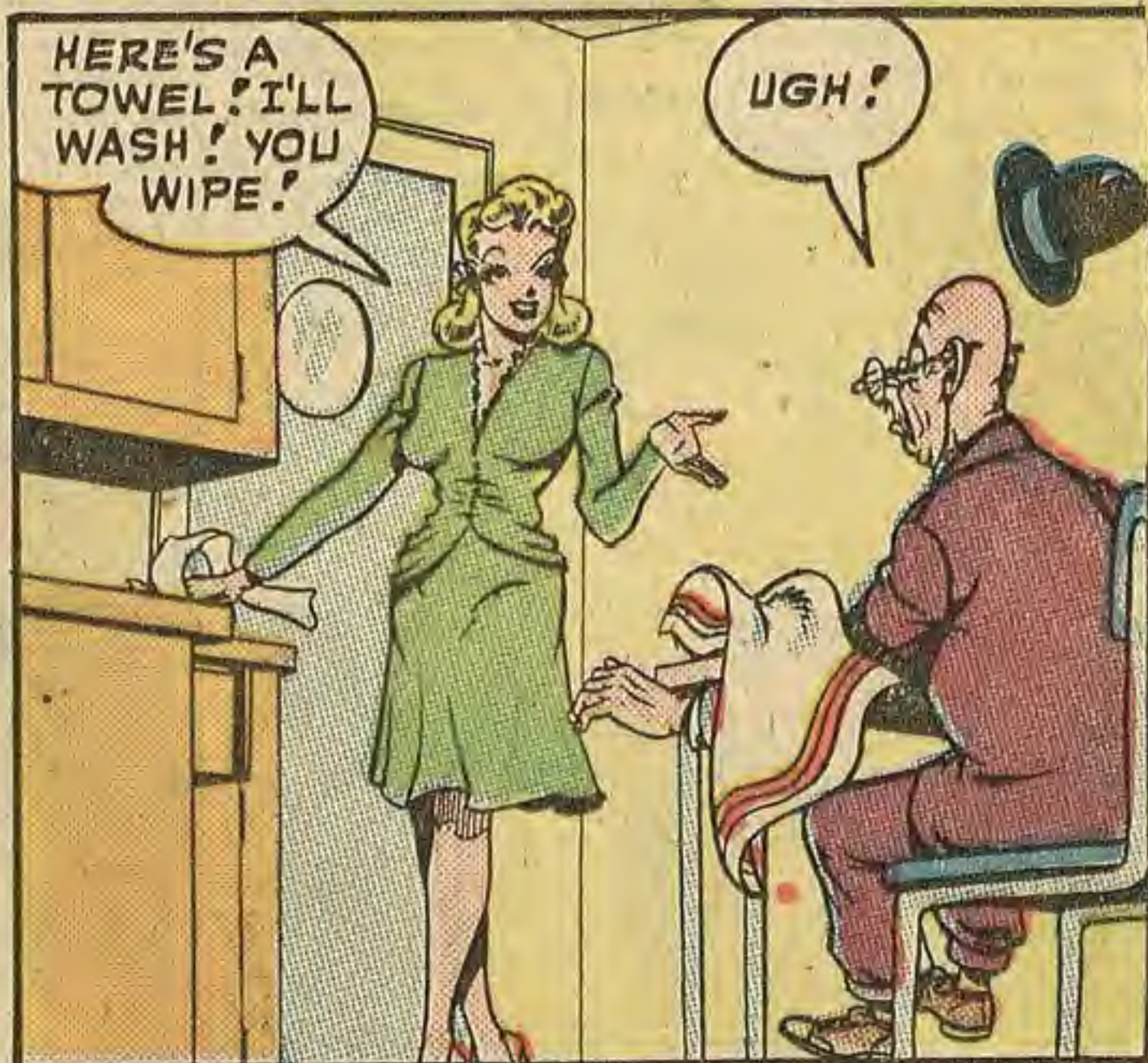
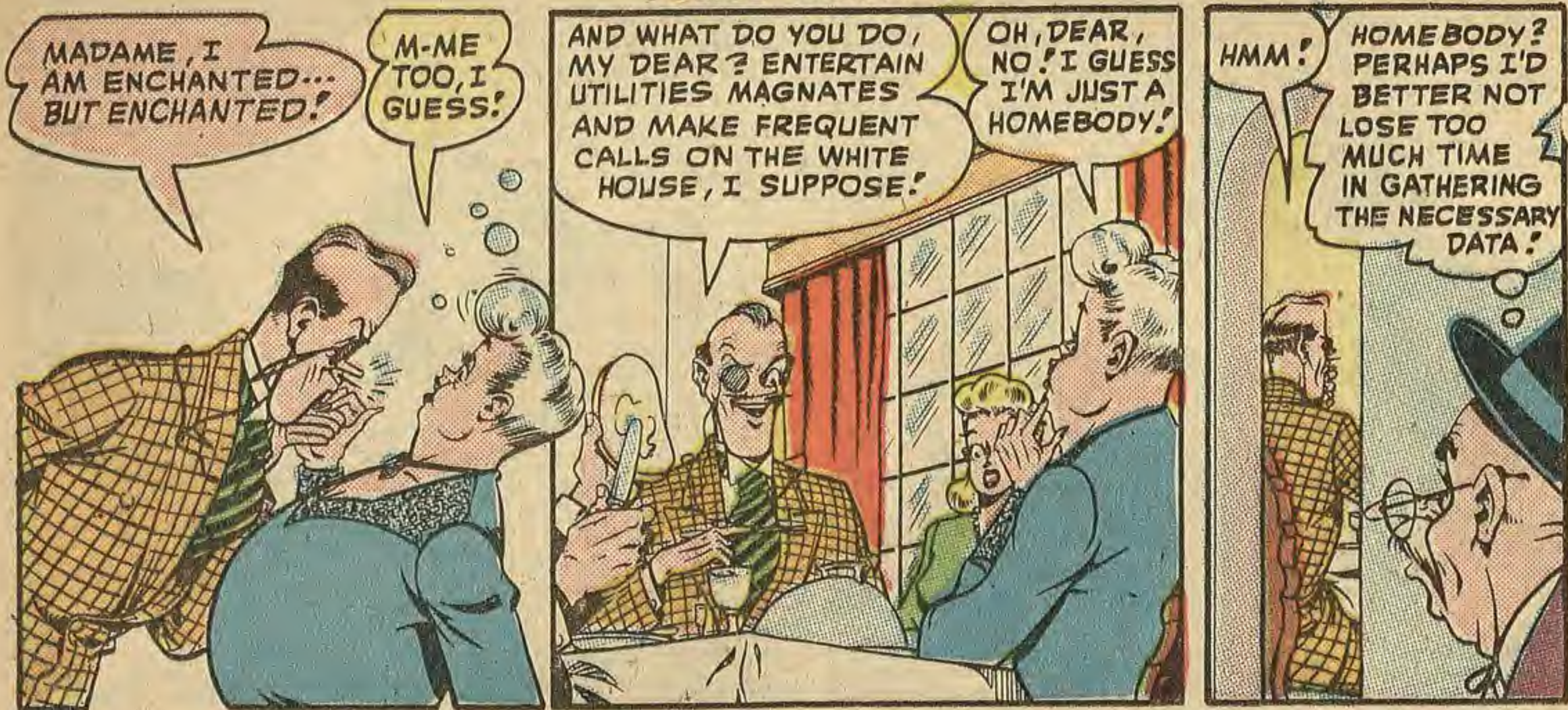


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SPECKS



I DON'T WANNA APPEAR TOO PERSONAL, BUT AIN'T YOU HEADIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION FOR SCHOOL ... OR MAYBE THIS IS A MIRAGE I'M TALKIN' TO ?

NO, I AIN'T NO MIRAGE, WINDY, AND I AIN'T HEADIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION ! IT'S ME **SUFFERIN' BRAIN** THAT IS ! IT'S TAKIN' ME TO THE MOVIES FOR A BIT OF **REELAXATION!**



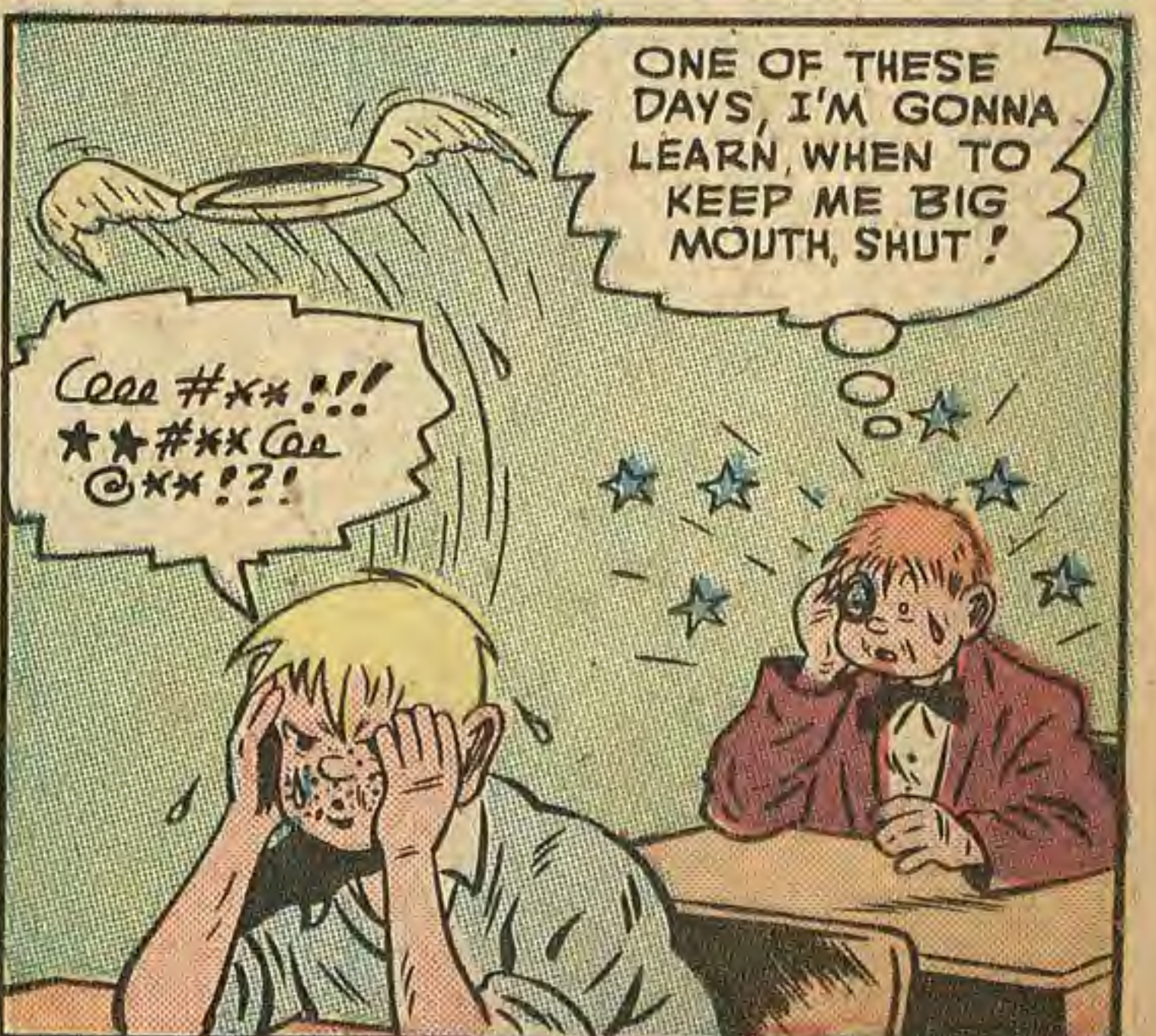
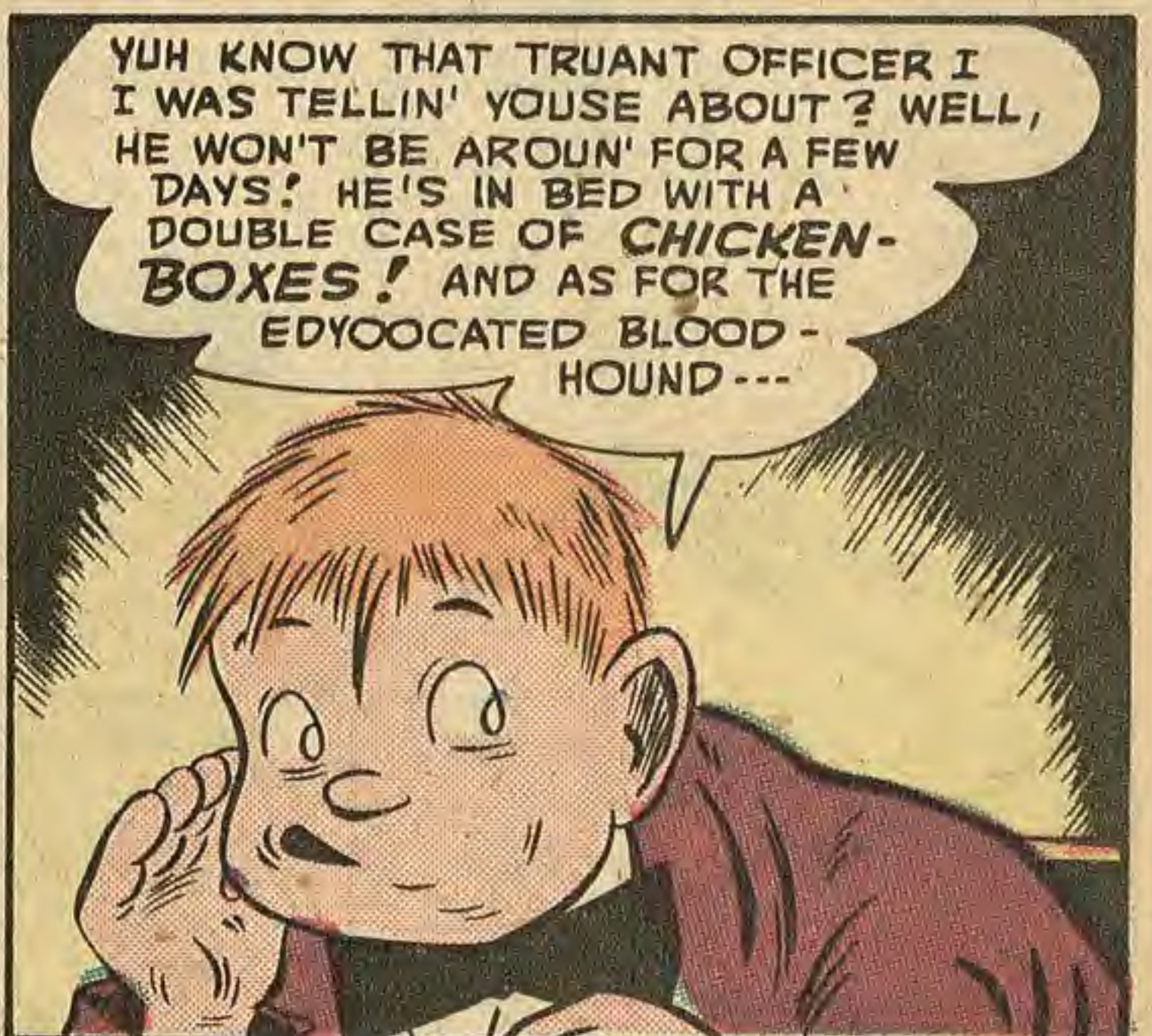
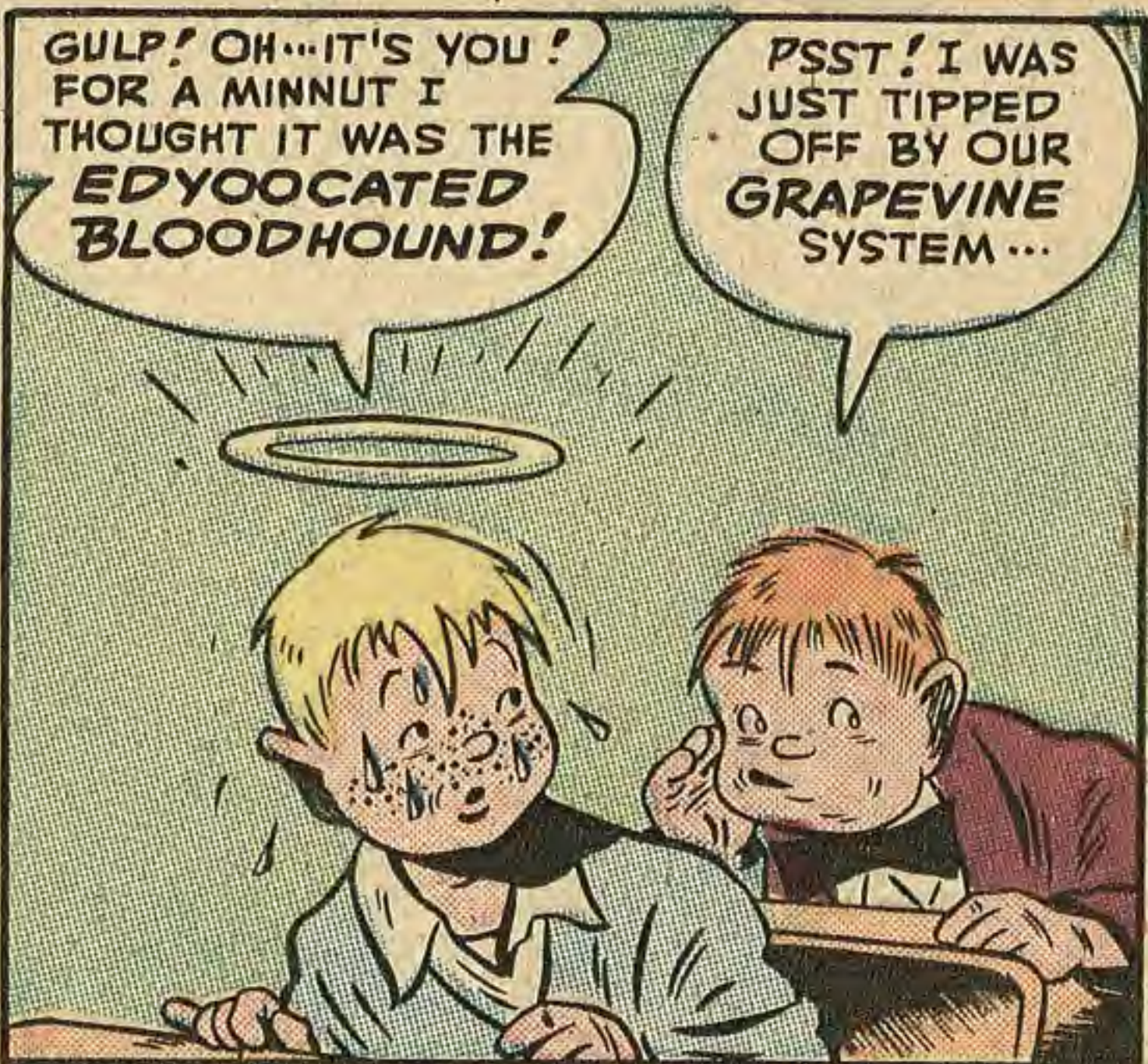
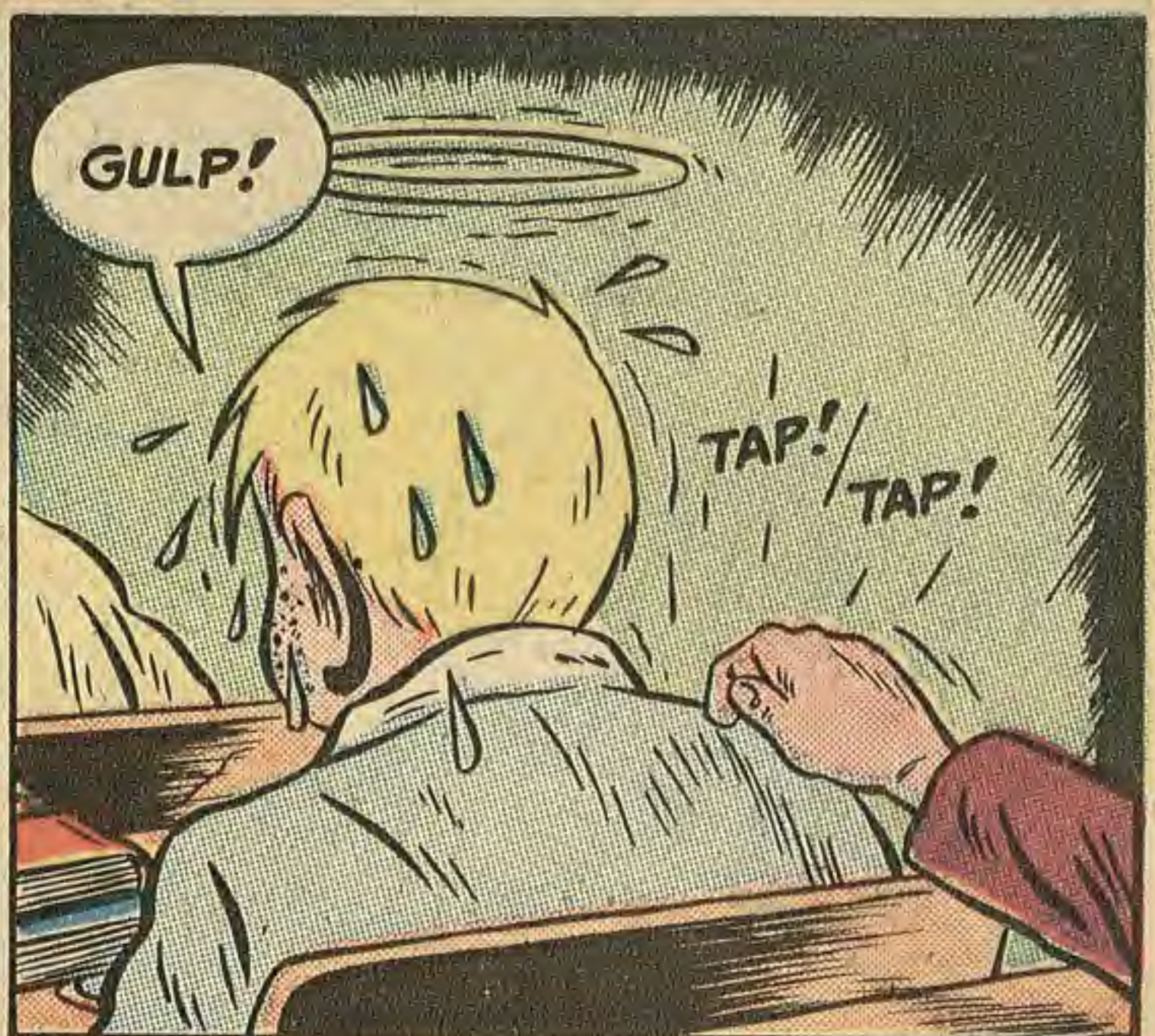
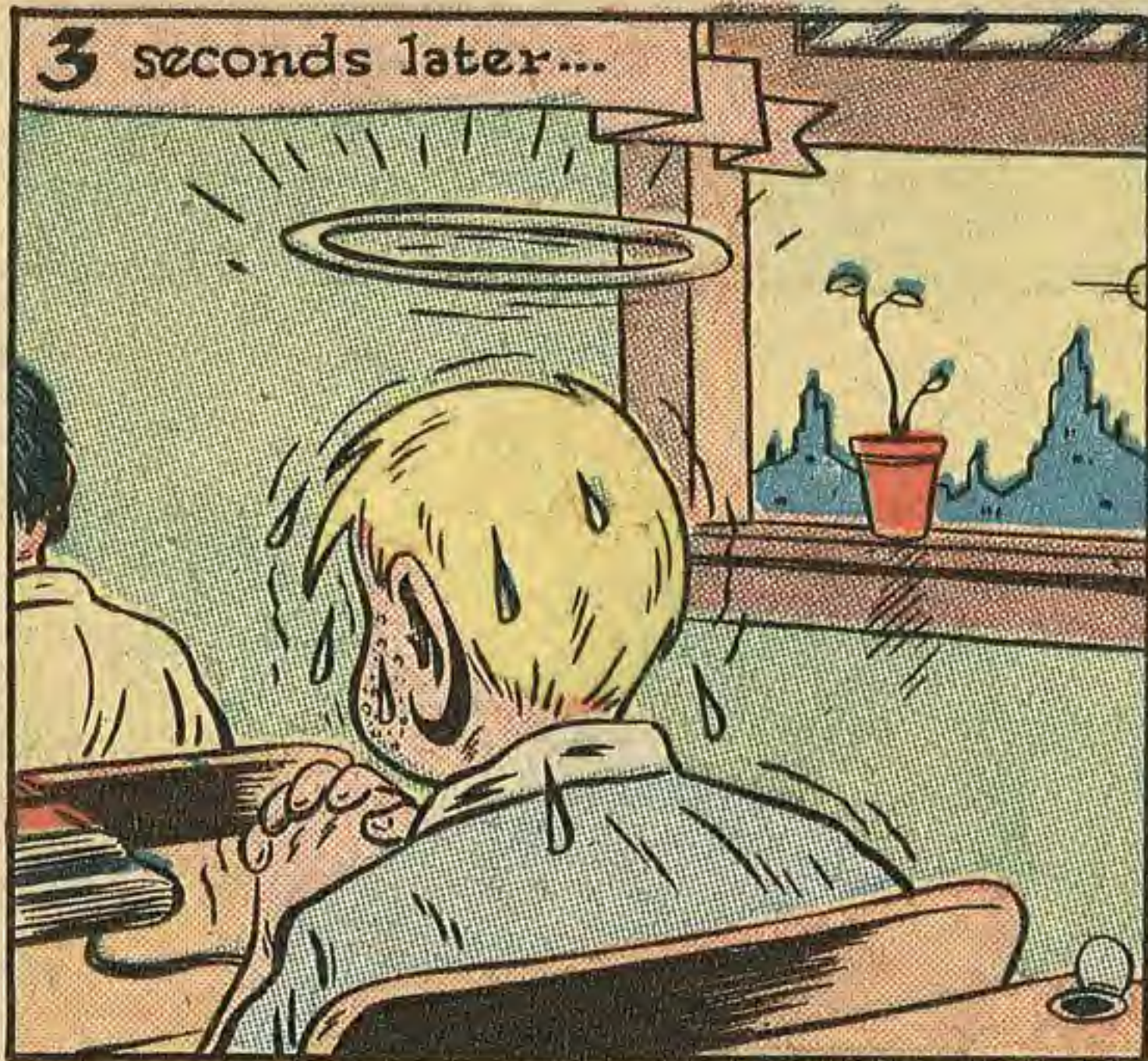
WHOLLY CATS! OF ALL DAYS ! YOUSE MUST HAVE CATERPILLARS IN YOUR CROCKERY !

WHAT MAKES THIS DAY ANY DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER DAY, I'M AXIN' YET ?



WHOLLY CATS! DON'T TELL ME YOUSE AIN'T HEARD ABOUT OUR NEW **TRUANT OFFICER** WITH THE **EDYOOCATED BLOODHOUND!** THIS HOUND CAN PICK UP A **HOOKY SCENT** UMPTEEN MILES AWAY ! AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSER, THIS HOUND, JUST BY LOOKING AT YOUSE, CAN FORETELL COMING **HOOKY** EVENTS BEFORE YOUSE EVEN KNOW ABOUT IT YOURSELF !





The SPIRIT



Central City's Commissioner of Police has a **FAVOR** to ask...

YOU WANT ME TO GO ON A CASE WITH YOU?

IT ISN'T A **CRIME CASE** EXACTLY, SPIRIT! IT'S A QUESTION OF **ART**-- AND I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ART!

VICKRAM, THE ART COLLECTOR, SENT ME A CONFIDENTIAL NOTE! SAID HE WOULD DO THE CITY A **GREAT FAVOR**!

THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE VICKRAM, DOLAN! HE'S AN ART CRITIC--BUT A **STINGY ONE**!

MR. VICKRAM, I'M DOLAN! I CAME IN ANSWER TO YOUR MESSAGE!

YES--A--IT'S IN CONNECTION WITH LAST YEAR'S THEFT FROM THE **MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY**!



YES--- UNKNOWN BURGLARS STOLE A VALUABLE PICTURE! MY DAUGHTER DRAGGED ME TO SEE IT A FEW YEARS AGO!

THE PURPLE PIRATE! A CLASSIC PAINTING BY GURAVITCH! WORTH A FORTUNE! WELL---



--BEHOLD!

BY GEORGE!



YESTERDAY I WAS INTERVIEWED BY TWO MASKED MEN! THEY SAID THEY'D SELL ME A PRICELESS PAINTING FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

THE PURPLE PIRATE? I'M A DUB ON ART, BUT THE PURPLE PIRATE'S WORTH TWENTY TIMES THAT!



BUT THOSE WHO STOLE IT WERE WILLING TO LET IT GO CHEAP! I BOUGHT IT TO RETURN TO THE CITY GALLERIES--MY PUBLIC DUTY---

YOU'RE A REAL FRIEND, VICKRAM! AND YOU'LL GET YOUR TEN THOUSAND BACK, IF THE PICTURE IS GENUINE!



AS AN ART CRITIC, I CAN ASSURE YOU IT'S THE REAL GURAVITCH!

WAIT! IT'S A FAKE-- SPLENDIDLY DONE, BUT A FAKE!



A FAKE? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ART?

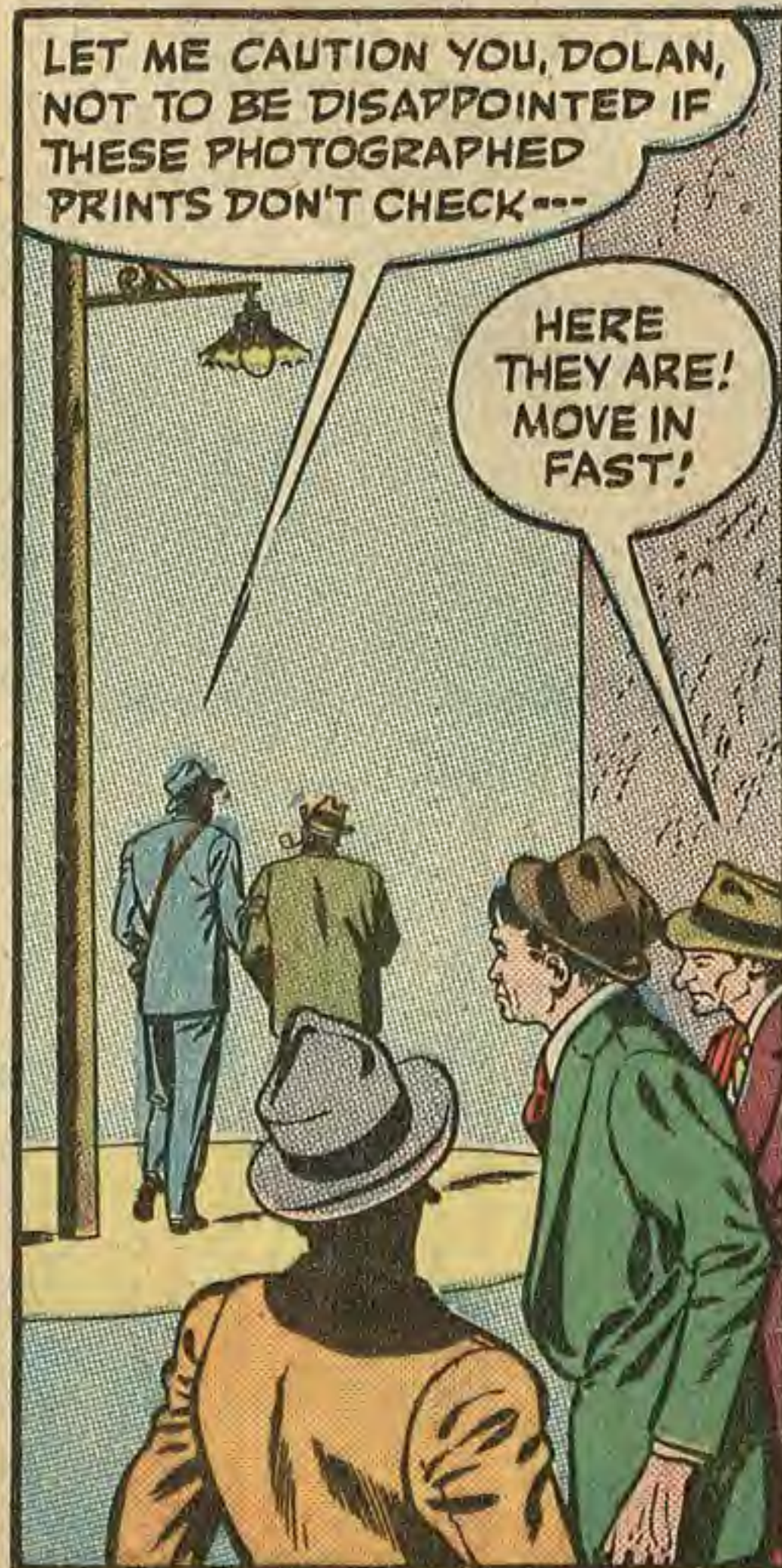
NOT MUCH MORE THAN DOLAN -- NOT ONE-TENTH AS MUCH AS YOU! BUT I DO KNOW FINGERPRINTS!



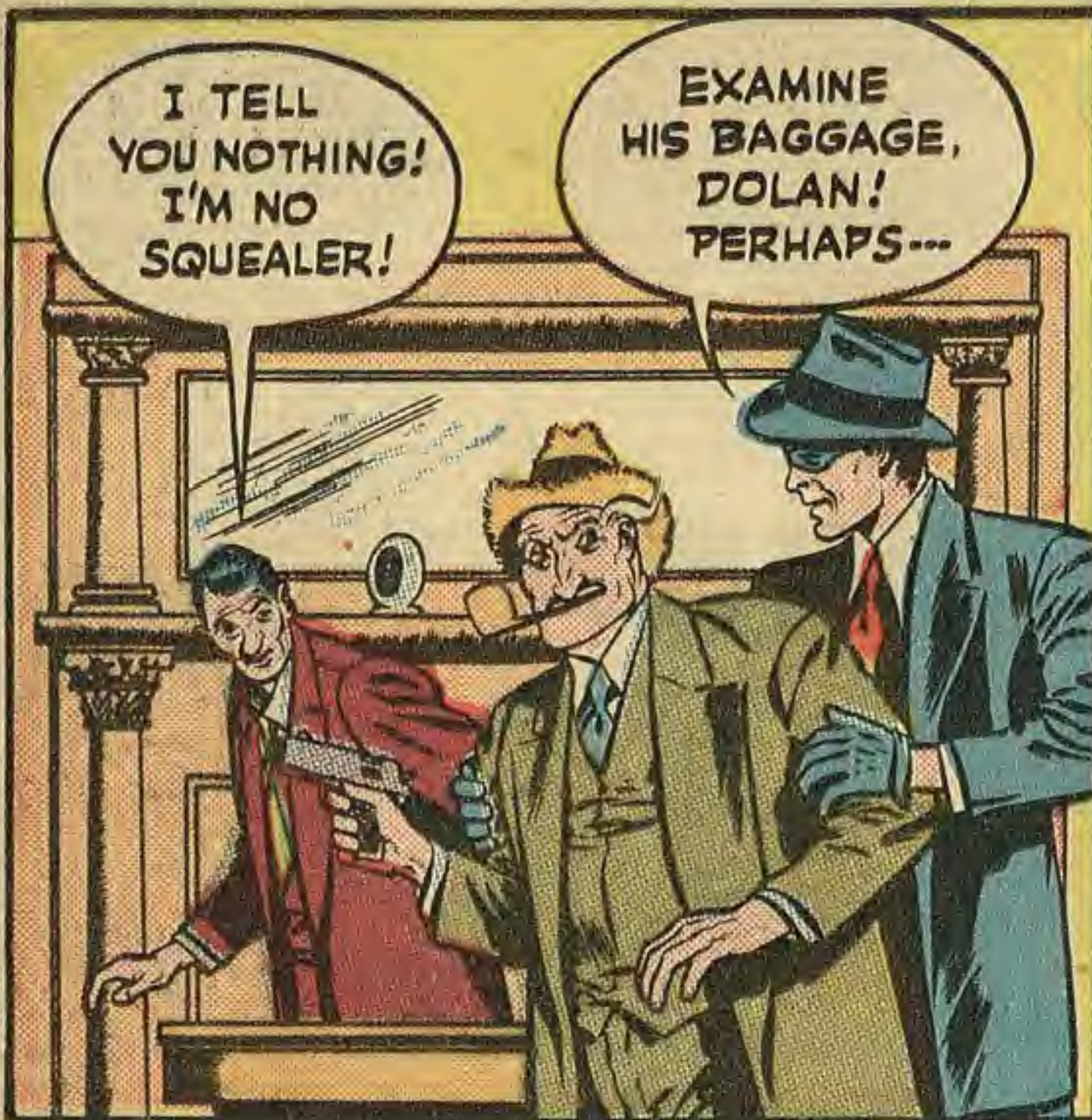
I HAPPEN TO HAVE STUDIED MANY TYPES OF FINGERPRINT EVIDENCE -- INCLUDING FINGERPRINTS LEFT IN FRESH PAINT BY ARTISTS!

INCLUDING-- GURAVITCH'S PRINTS?







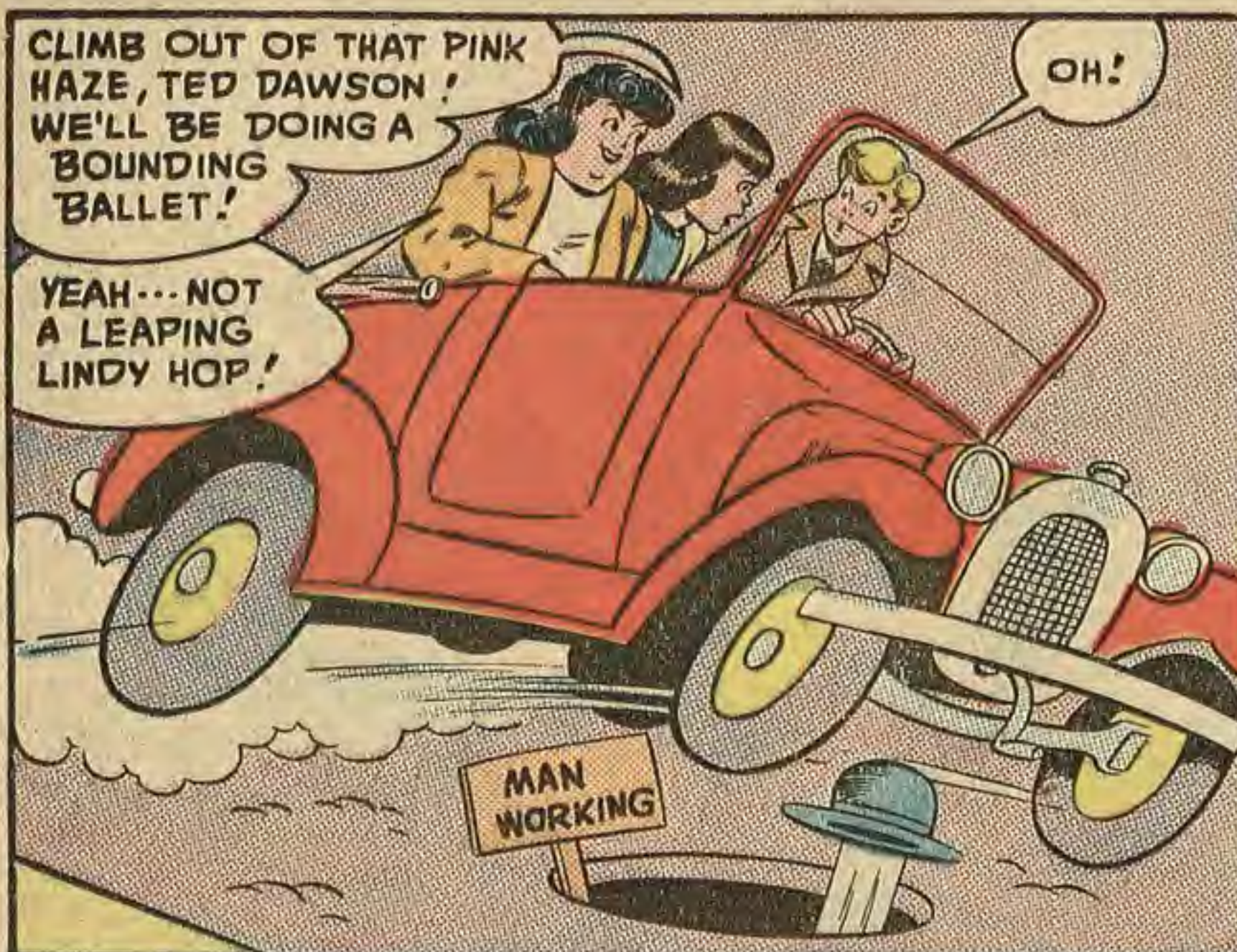






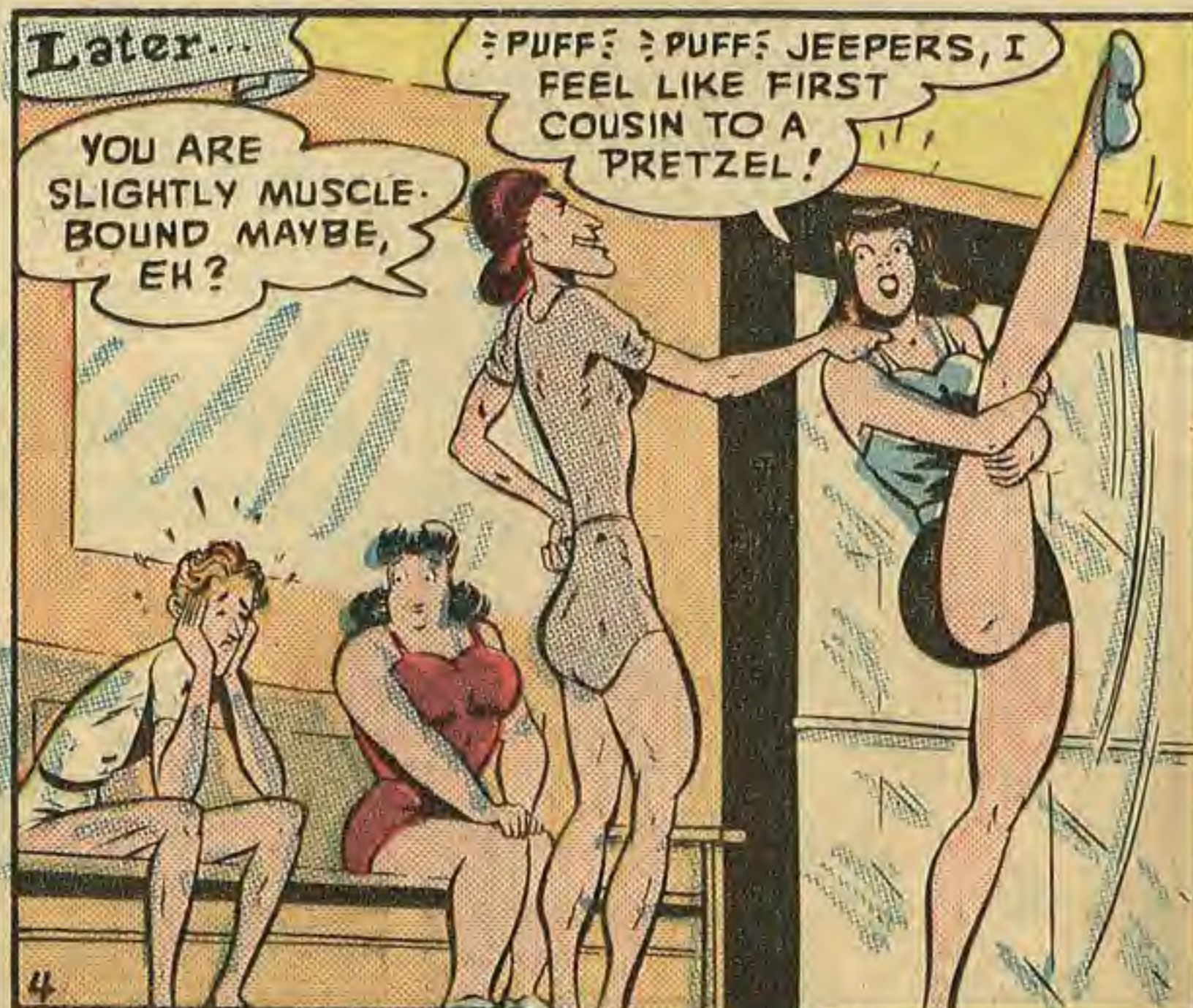


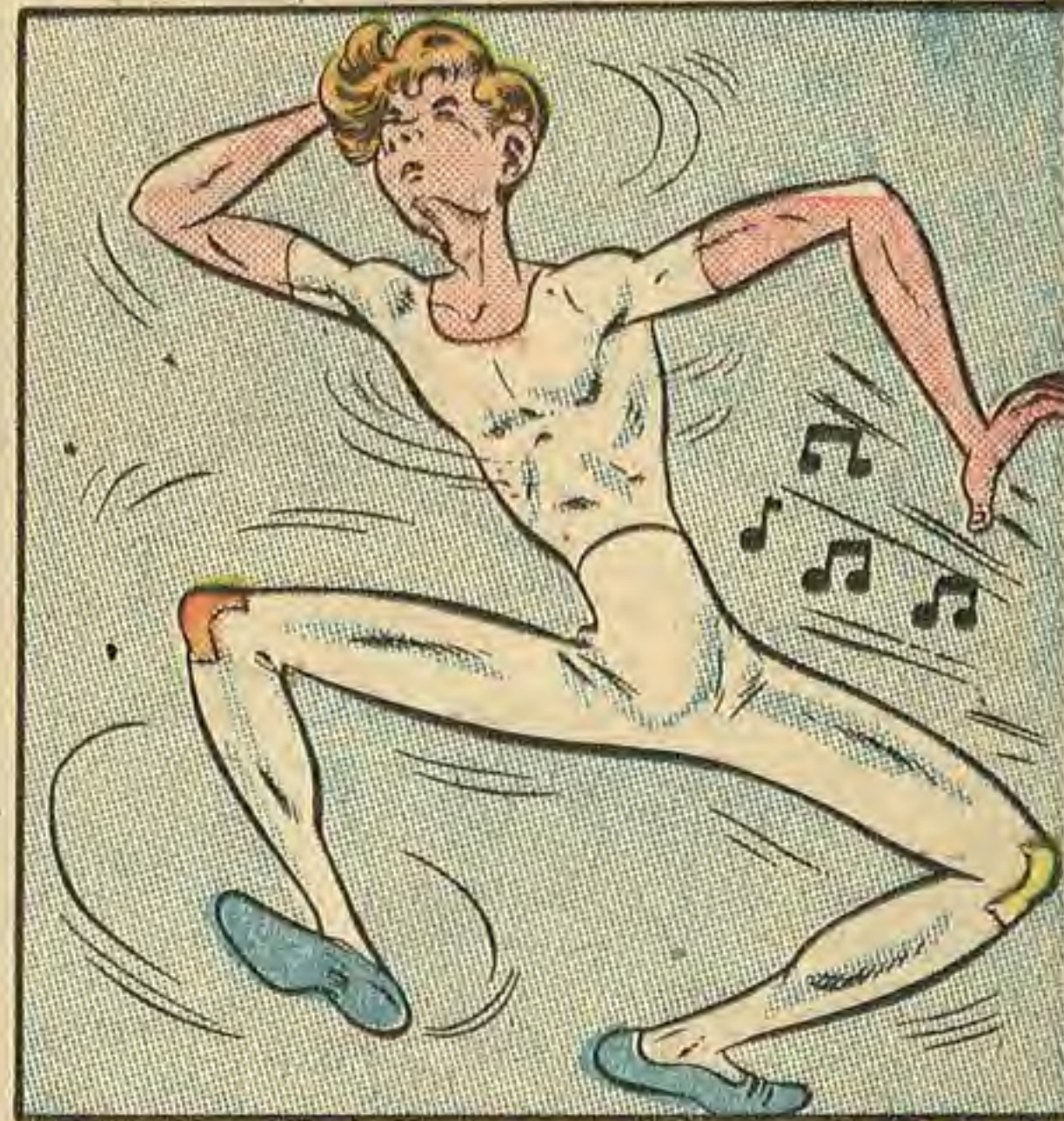
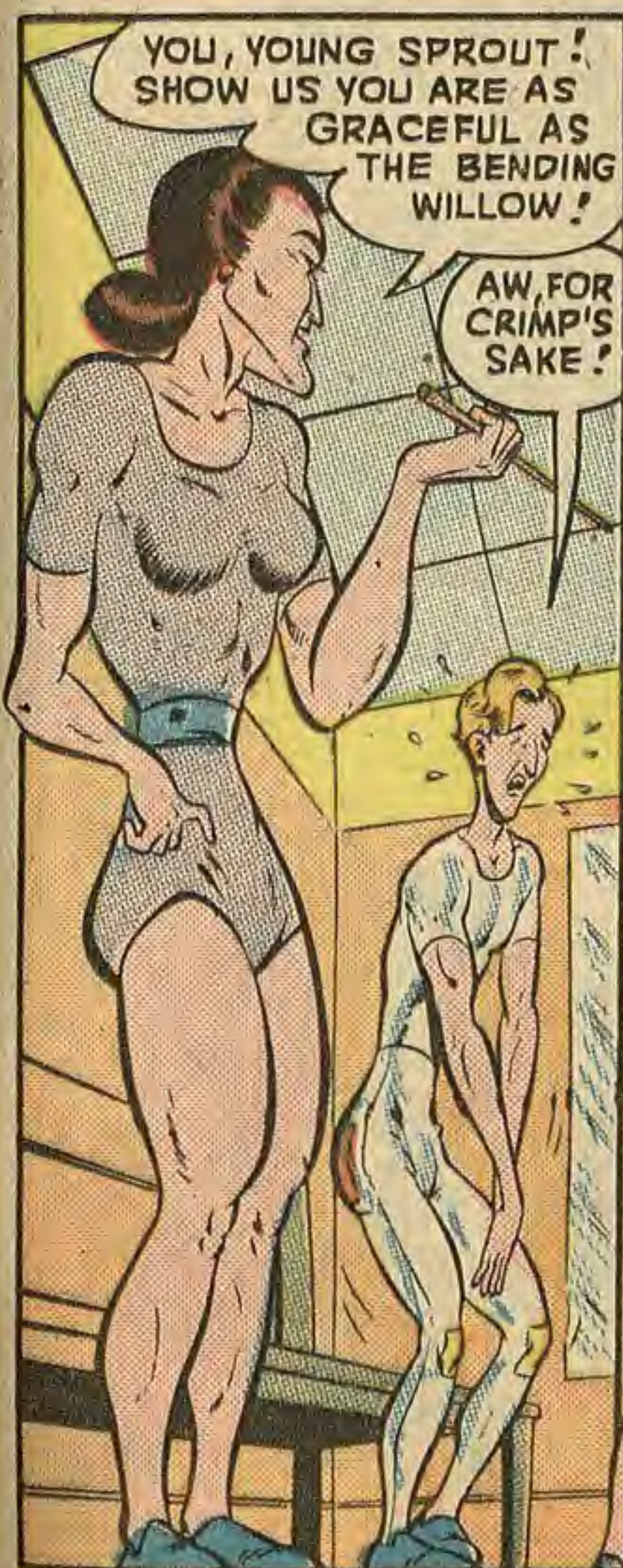
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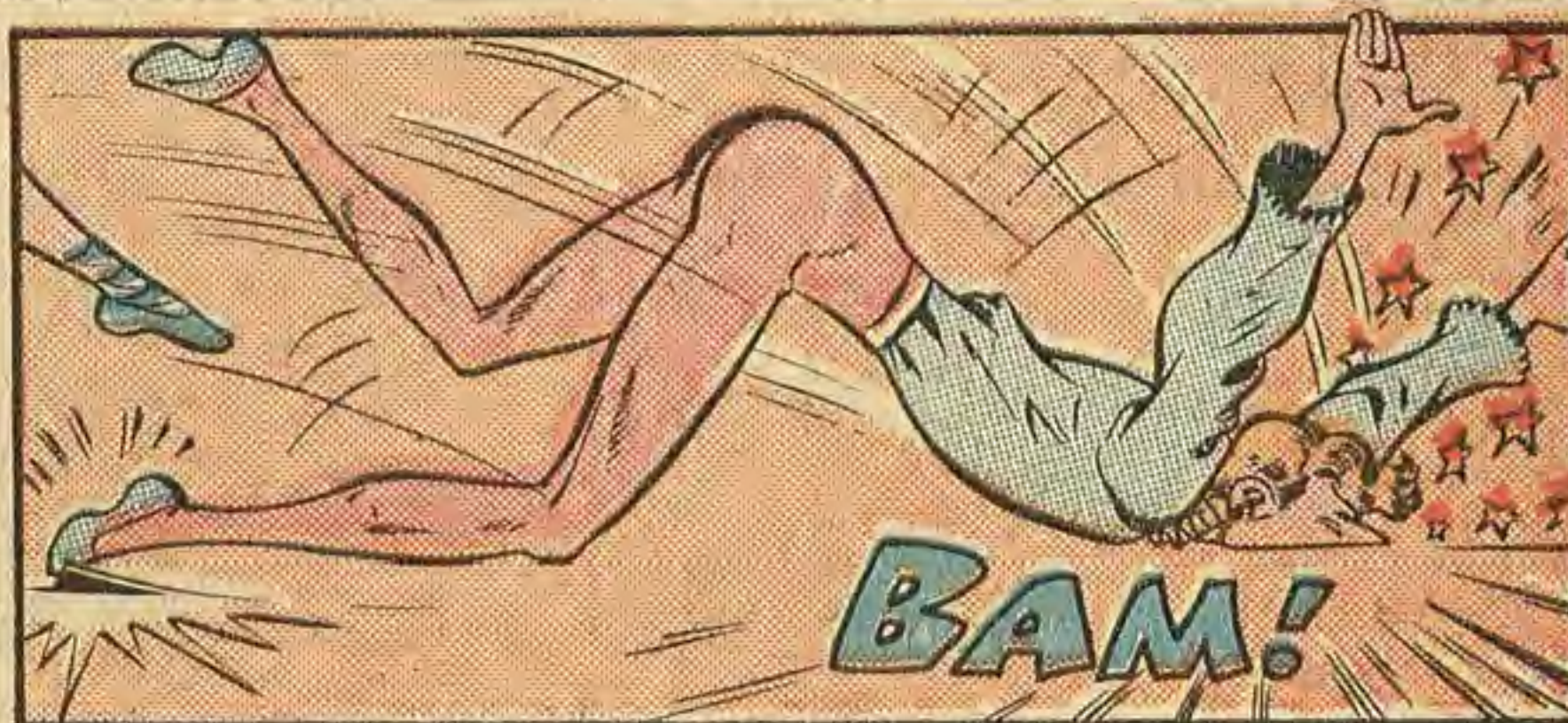


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The Glorious LEAP

PLASTIC MAN and Woozy stood watching the airplane grow smaller as it lifted into the cloudless skies. The pilot was a barnstormer making the county fair circuits, hauling passengers for a fee.

"I'd like to take a ride in that crate," said Woozy. "Never did ride in an open-cockpit ship."

"Plenty windy," said Plastic Man. "Say, look at that fellow! He'll scare his passenger to death."

The plane was looping, diving, making roaring wing-overs, falling leaves, rolls. Woozy watched, his mouth open.

"Say, I guess I don't want no rides in that plane," he said.

Plastic Man grinned. "No. That would make you more woozy than you usually are. Eh, Woozy?"

Pudgy little Woozy looked hurt. "Who says I'm woozy?" he grumbled. "Ain't I doin' pretty good work for you, Plas?"

The rubber man's arm went about the shoulders of his companion. "Forget it, pal," he said soothingly. "I was only kidding. . . . Come on, let's get a hot dog."

Now if anything could make Woozy forget ills, it was eating. He hurried along beside the tall man at a half-canter.

The stunt plane came down and the passengers, weaving groggily, almost fell out of the cockpit. He had a grin on his farmerish features.

"Boy, was that somethin'!" he exclaimed when he had reached his group of friends. "My hair darn near stood on end in them dives. Gosh, that feller can sure handle an aeroplane!"

The youthful enthusiast and his pals wandered away and Plastic Man and Woozy munched their sandwiches. The pilot strolled over to them and ordered a cup of coffee.

"You're Ace Haines, aren't you?" asked Plastic Man.

The pilot said he was.

"I understand you're going to make a live pickup this afternoon," Plastic Man went on. "I want to see that, old man."

The pilot shrugged. "That a new one to you?" he asked.

"Yes. I've heard a lot about it."

"I did the first one," the pilot went on.

"Army. Mebbe you read about it."

Plastic Man said, "Who's your guinea pig?"

"Youngster I trained in the Army. He's

good. Well, so long. We'll be doing the stunt pretty soon."

Pastic Man and Woozy watched the pilot walk away.

"Sumpthin' funny 'bout that guy," said Woozy.

"Meaning?"

"I dunno. Queer actin' sort o' gent is all."

"Mebbe it's just your imagination, Woozy."

Woozy made an irritated motion with his shoulders. "Well, mebbe, but I'm gonna keep an eye on him just the same. . . . Be seein' ya, Plas."

The rubber man knew that Woozy would do exactly what he said. Now I wonder, he thought, what made Woozy say that about the pilot? He seemed like a good bloke to me. Oh well . . .

Plastic Man wandered out to the far edge of the infield where the set-up was being made to carry off the pickup of a man on the ground by plane. It was a hazardous stunt, but the Army had perfected it during the war; in fact, Plastic Man recalled, the trick included picking up fully loaded cargo and passenger gliders also.

The crowd was gradually moving toward the infield, everybody anxious for the fun to commence. There had been horse races that day. The take had been large. In fact, the fair had drawn an unusually large crowd, and the concessions had made a neat turnover.

Plastic Man edged into the crowd, looking for his little companion. He didn't see him. The pilot was tinkering with the motor of his plane. A couple of grease monkeys were going over the ailerons, flaps and landing gear; checking the windlass and steel cable that made the grab of a man sitting on the ground.

The man wasn't in evidence as yet.

Two tall poles were set into the ground about fifty feet apart. A wire was strung between them. This wire, Plastic Man knew, was caught by a hook dangling from the swooping plane. The wire itself was fastened to the specially made duck jacket of the ground man.

Plastic Man wandered up to the plane and spoke to the pilot. He wanted to know what kept the hook from jerking the man's head off as he was snatched up off the ground.

The pilot showed him inside. A big drum with hundreds of feet of thin steel cable wound about it.

"You see," the pilot pointed out, "there is a long coil spring between the hook and the

POLICE COMICS

end of the cable that takes up some of the jerk. Then, soon as weight hits it, the windlass spins, paying out the cable, the guy is lifted off the ground fairly easily."

Plastic Man nodded. "But if that windlass should stick—"

The pilot chuckled. "It would be the end of Sonny Carver, that's all," he grinned. "But it never has."

Sonny Carver hadn't shown up yet. Plastic Man felt he would like to see this dare-devil youth.

"Sonny's resting before the take-off," the pilot said. "That jacket he wears takes some gettin' into."

Plastic Man found Woozy wedged between two tents, an eye peeled on the pilot and his helpers.

"Still watching, Woozy?"

"You betcha, Plas," Woozy grinned. "But I ain't seen nothin' off-color yet."

Plastic Man nodded. "Well, I guess they'll be doing the stunt pretty soon. Don't think you have anything to worry about, Woozy."

Woozy said, "Have you seen that Sonny Carver feller, Plas?"

The latter shook his head. "He's resting, I understand. Why?"

"I dunno, Plas. They's sumptin' funny 'bout this whole shebang."

Plastic Man grinned and clapped Woozy on the back. "I'm afraid you're going to be a champ detective, Woozy. Okay. Stay on the job. I'll have a peek around."

Actually, the rubber man wasn't at all alarmed by Woozy's moody notions. Woozy often got crazy ideas about things and people. It was good training for him. But Plastic Man anticipated nothing untoward in the present set-up.

With the crowd moving toward the infield, and all interest centered thereon, most of the tents and buildings were left untenanted. Plastic Man strode through the fair grounds, seeing almost no one in or about the various build-

ings. He thought he heard a shot, but the airplane's engine burst into life at that time, so he concluded the sound had come from the engine.

Then he heard a yell. He whirled around, scanning everything all at once. He could see nothing out of place. And a yell was not unusual at such a time.

The yell had been made by Woozy. Now he came running toward Plastic Man, waving his arms, shouting.

"Come on, Plas," he yelled. "It's just like I thought. He's a crook! Come on—the money truck has been knocked over!"

Plastic Man fell in behind Woozy and they sprinted toward the money car. There was a man lying outside, with a bullet hole in his shoulder; another was trying to stop the blood.

"He got it—all of it!" wailed the wounded man. "Fifty grand he took! Get him, why doncha?"

"Who?" asked Plastic Man.

"That Sonny Carver," said Woozy. "He stuck them up here, and ran. I saw him."

"Come on!" snapped Plastic Man and went leaping off across the fair ground. The plane was banking for its turn and swoop downward. The crowd was being shoed back. By jumping, Plastic Man could see a bundle of what looked like dirty canvas on the ground between the two poles.

The plane sped down, leveled off, and the man was jerked into the air like a plummet. With a gigantic leap, Plastic Man went over the heads of two hundred people, landing just where Sonny had squatted. He stared upward. Sonny was swinging two hundred feet above him, getting farther away—fast.

Then the fair ground crowd saw something they never forgot. A tall man made a tall leap. Plastic Man shot into the air, one tremendous arm darting out, nailing the twisting Sonny, wrenching the bundle out of his hands.

Sonny had tried a clever stunt—but Plastic Man's was even better.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 of POLICE COMICS published monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1947

State of Connecticut } ss
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the POLICE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old

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EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1947
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949)

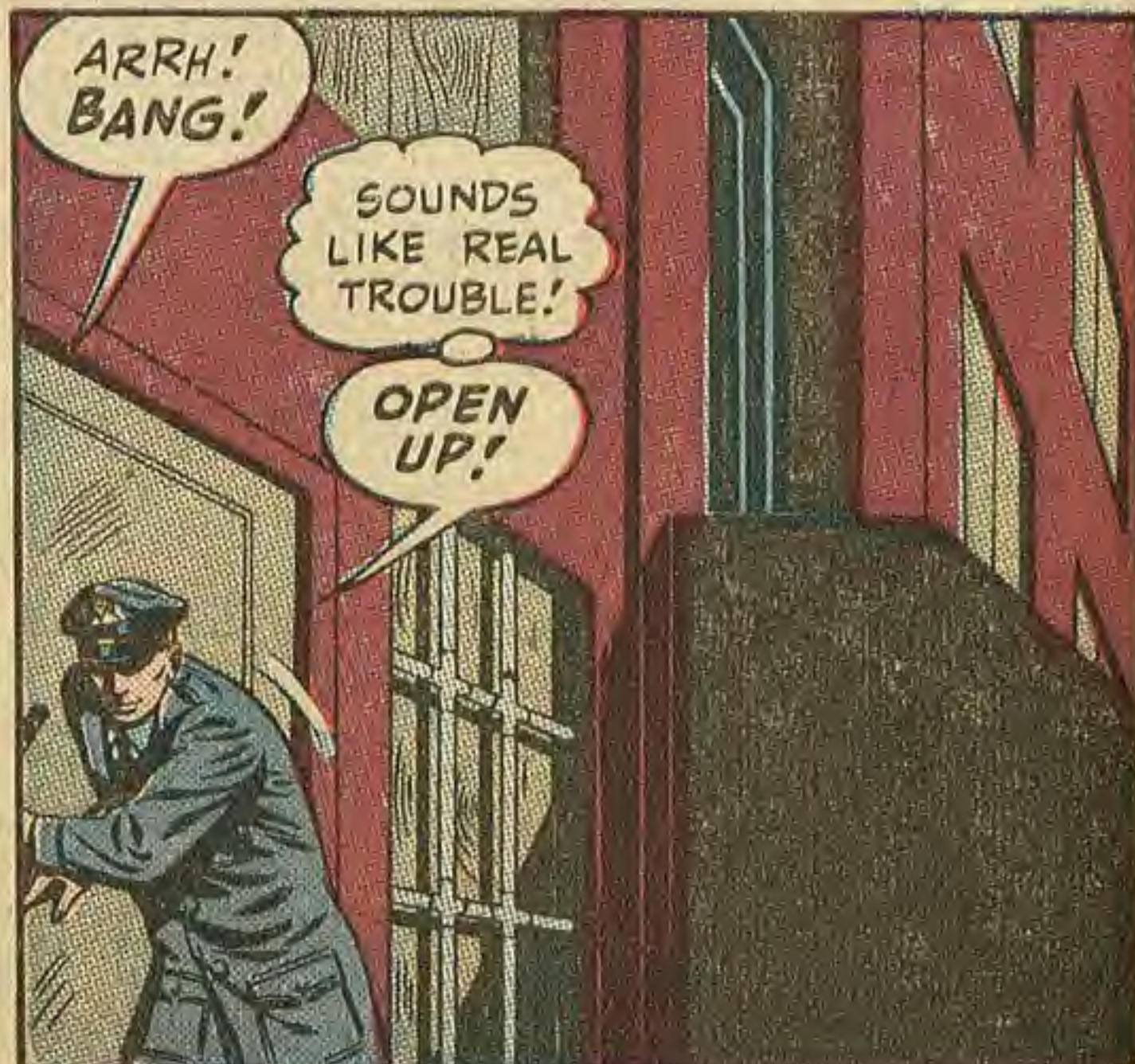
MANHUNTER

Hidden underground was a mystery that baffled the top experts of the law-- so **MANHUNTER** and **THOR** braved the depths to solve a grim riddle of evil science and blood-curdling menace!

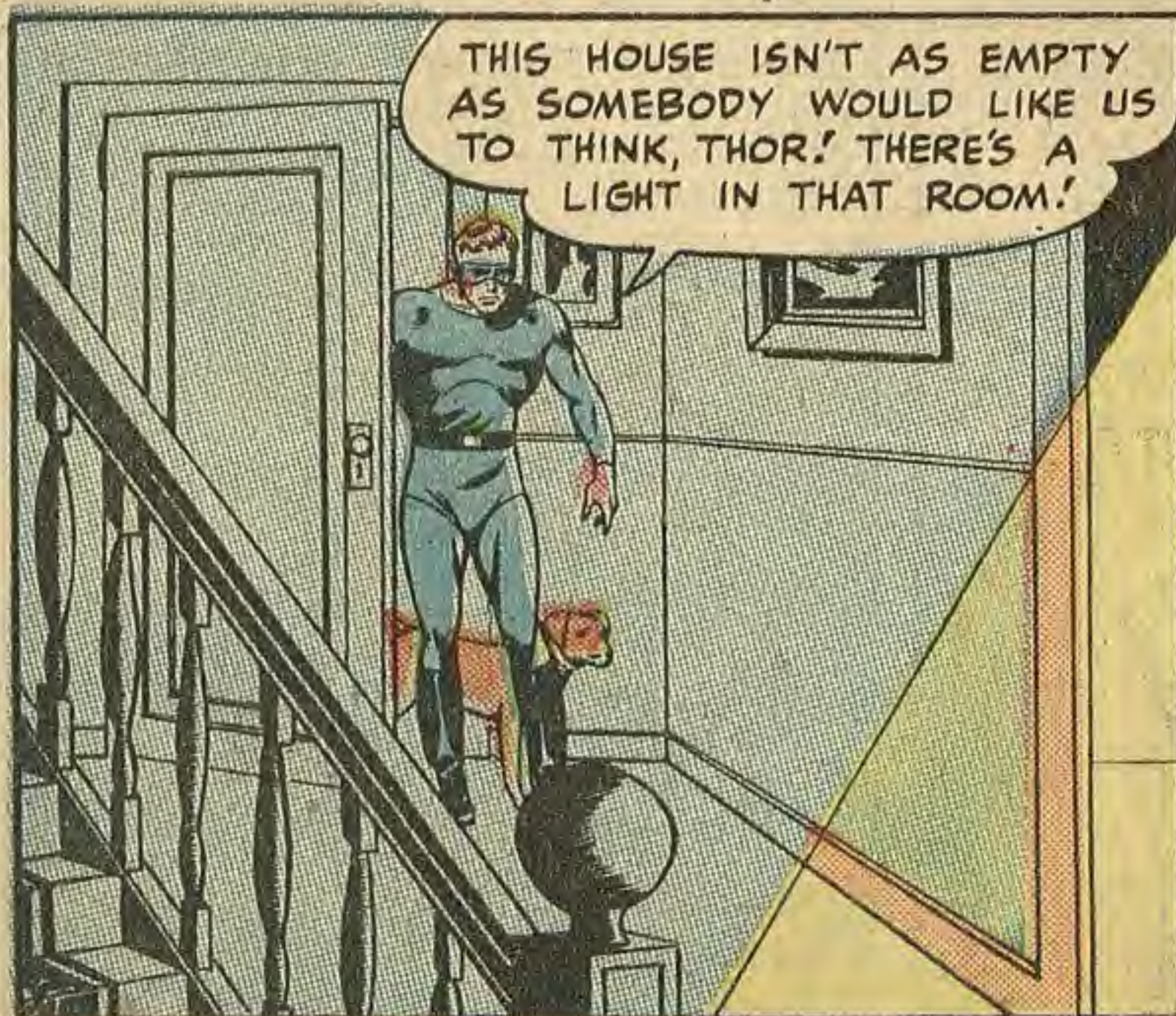


WHEN THE LAW IS TOO SLOW, OFFICER DAN RICHARDS BECOMES **MANHUNTER**! THEN, WITH FAITHFUL **THOR** AT HIS SIDE, HE ENFORCES JUSTICE IN HIS OWN WAY, CRUSHING CRIME WITH RELENTLESS FISTS!

As the sun sets over Park Drive, wealthiest street in the city, officer Dan Richards stops in his beat...



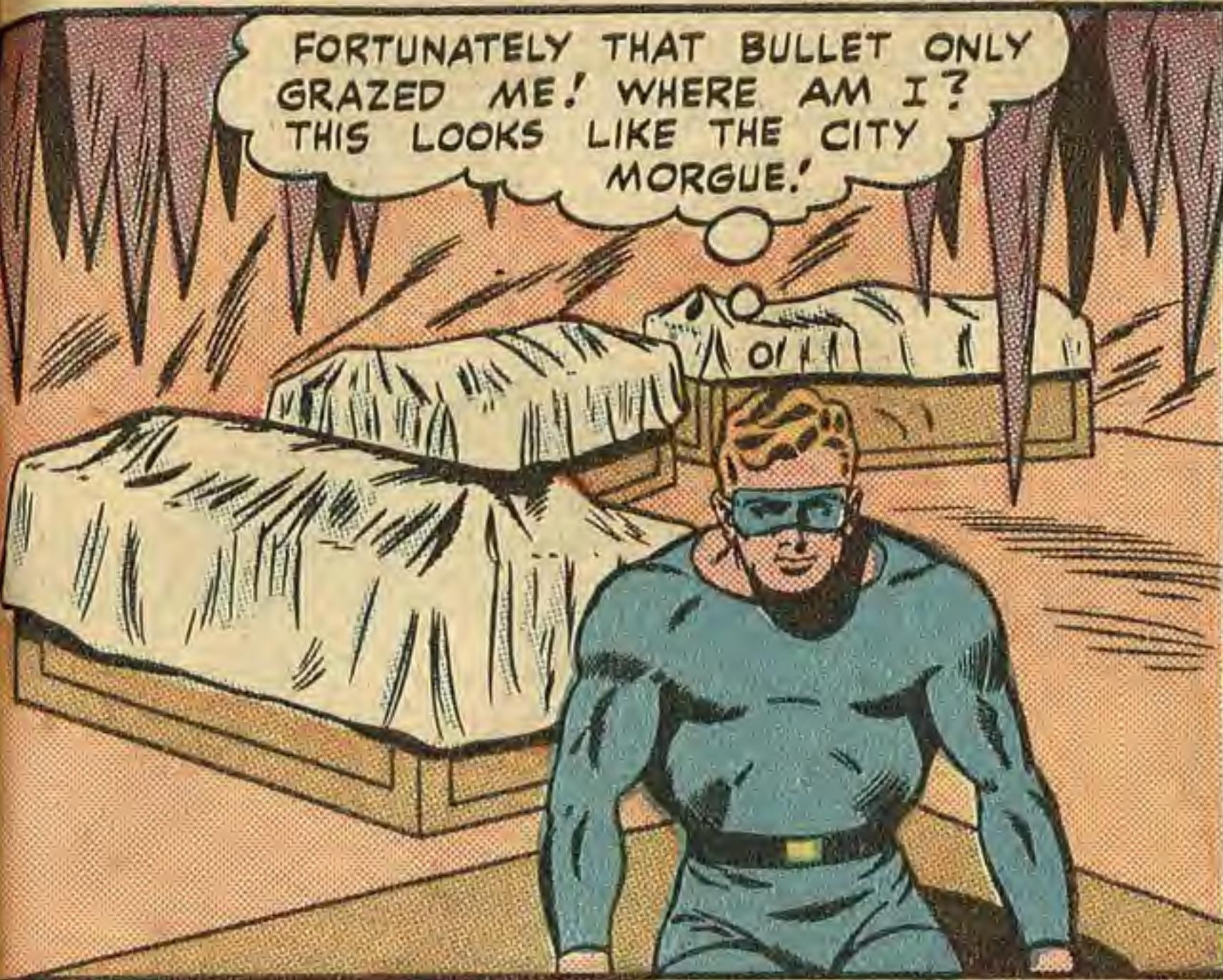








FORTUNATELY THAT BULLET ONLY GRAZED ME! WHERE AM I? THIS LOOKS LIKE THE CITY MORGUE!



POOR THOR! STILL UNCONSCIOUS -- BUT ALIVE!



WHAT TH--? THIS LOOKS LIKE OLD JUDGE PICKENS, WHO WAS KIDNAPPED TWO YEARS AGO! HIS FAMILY'S STILL TRYING TO RAISE THE RANSOM MONEY!



AND THIS IS RONDA BLAKE, THE SOCIETY BEAUTY WHO DISAPPEARED SIX MONTHS AGO! WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE--

YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT **ALIVE**, MANHUNTER!



SO IT'S **YOU**, PILBEAM! THE FRIENDLY DOCTOR FROM NEXT DOOR WHO OFFERED TO HELP THE POLICE!

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, MANHUNTER!



YOU'VE BLUNDERED INTO MY SECRET--AND YOU'LL DIE WITHOUT TELLING IT! FROM THE CELLAR OF MY MODEST HOME NEXT DOOR I DUG INTO THIS FORGOTTEN CAVERN UNDER THE CITY--AND HERE I'VE KEPT PRISONERS FOR RANSOM, DRUGGED INTO **SUSPENDED ANIMATION!**

I HALF DEDUCED THAT! AND YOU GOT VENTILATION FROM THE DESERTED MANSION, EH?





But, even as Dr. Pilbeam's finger squeezes the trigger---



KEEP THAT HYPODERMIC, THOR! IT'S FULL OF HIS SUSPENDED ANIMATION DRUG-- THE EVIDENCE THAT WILL CONVICT HIM!

ARF!



At that moment, the law returns to the scene of the first crime...

I STILL DON'T GET IT! ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS WERE CLOSED TIGHT!

BUT THIS HOLE OPENS TO A CAVE BELOW, INSPECTOR! GO NEXT DOOR AND COME DOWN THROUGH THE DOCTOR'S CELLAR THERE! I CAN SHOW YOU EVERYTHING!



When the mystified inspector joins MANHUNTER and hears the report..

WHEN THEY WAKE UP, PILBEAM WILL CONFESS AND HELP ROUSE HIS SLEEPING VICTIMS! THIS HYPODERMIC WILL HELP EXPLAIN HIS METHOD!

MANHUNTER, YOU'RE THE BEST FRIEND OUR FORCE EVER HAD! IF THERE'S ANY FAVOR I CAN DO FOR YOU -- ANYTHING --



IN THAT CASE, DO THIS! GIVE A BREAK TO THAT COP ON THE BEAT, DAN RICHARDS! HE'LL MAKE A GOOD POLICEMAN SOME DAY!

MAYBE SOME DAY--IN ABOUT 1967! FOR YOUR SAKE I'LL DO IT, MANHUNTER!



SO LONG FOR NOW, THOR! DAN RICHARDS IS GOING TO STROLL AROUND IN THE OPEN AIR AND GET THAT CAVERN FOG OUT OF HIS LUNGS!

ARF!



HI, RICHARDS! MANHUNTER CLEARED UP THE MURDER MYSTERY FOR US! BY THE WAY, HE SPOKE A GOOD WORD FOR YOU!

THANK MANHUNTER FOR THE FAVOR, NEXT TIME YOU SEE HIM, INSPECTOR!



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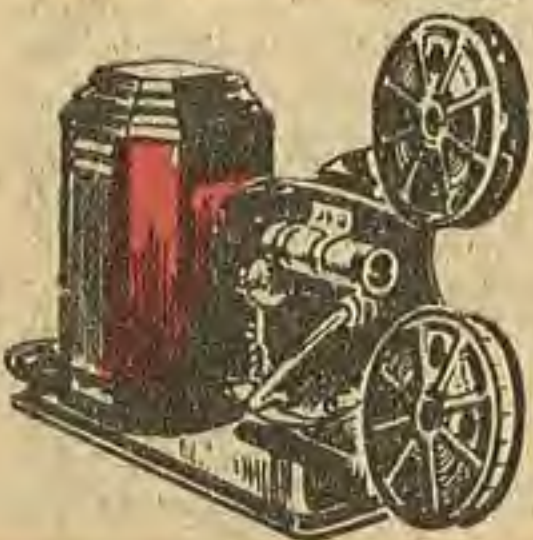
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